

MODERN SCREEN

FEBRUARY

15¢

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DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •



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The life and loves of
LANA TURNER

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just

One Cake of Camay!

"I call the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a miracle-worker," says Mrs. John Parkinson of New York City, lovely Camay bride. "My skin's so much softer, smoother."

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



Take only one minute,
night and morning!

Cream mild Camay over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold. That's all—but skin's softer, smoother, clearer!

★ ★ ★
TREASURE YOUR CAMAY, THESE WAR DAYS

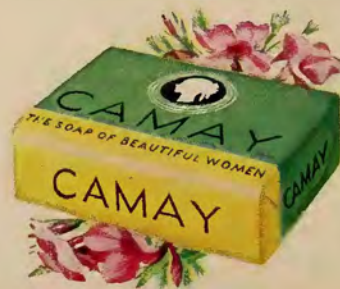
—for soap is made of vital war materials. Use just enough Camay to work up a good lather. And keep your soap dish dry—so the cake will last longer! Remember, wet dishes waste soap.

Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!

● You can have softer, smoother skin—with just *one cake* of Camay—your very *first* cake. Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. They know this *mild* cleansing helps your skin to new beauty. Camay is so *mild* it cleanses the skin—*without irritation*—leaves it softer, smoother.

So make this change to proper MILD cleansing! Day-by-day, with just *one cake* of Camay, your skin will look more velvety-smooth!



Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

all eyes admire
a radiant smile!



**Give your smile appealing charm
with the help of Ipana and Massage!**

SET YOUR HOPES HIGH, Plain Girl! What if you aren't tops in beauty? The most popular girls aren't always the prettiest. Look at your own little clique—at the girls who hold men's eyes and steal their hearts *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a shy and self-effacing smile—but a radiant smile that reaches out and draws the

whole world to you in admiration. Remember, though, for such a smile you need sparkling teeth—sound teeth that depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of natural exercise by modern, soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



A Winner—fun and romance follow the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ahs, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.

"A Guy Named Joe", "The White Cliffs", "Madame Curie". Three worthy



successors to "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest".

As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.



But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.

It is an event that you



MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

LANA TURNER (Part 1)

It was fun growing up, having a secret love of 18, being the belle of the basketball games. But in it, too, there was pain, deep and aching and sudden. 30

THE REAGAN BOYS

When Ronnie was three, brother Moon bopped him on the head, parted his hair with a hatchet blade! From then on, it's been love and war. 38

JOURNEY FOR JEAN PIERRE

Behind him, laughter and ease and wonderful, mad Maria. Ahead, uncertainty and the hard, grim business of war. 40

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Like a snoopy little gremlin, our photographer trailed Van Johnson and Gloria DeHaven on a high-wide-and-handsome Saturday night. 42

FERDINAND AND THE "WOLF"

Jim Brown saw her and lost his tongue. It was always that way with this girl-shy goop. Yet he proposed the day he met her. 46

"THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

Fate banged Betty Hutton over the head; it took Eddie Bracken and a miracle to save her! 48

JUDY CRIED HER HEART OUT

She'd been singing to thousands, tearing around in a jeep, helping pile up the bond sales, having the time of her life . . . till she watched a trainload of sailors pull out one day. 50

A GUY NAMED JOE

Joe Cotten's taking time out for laughs and living . . . and giving the old glamour treatment the back of his hand. 52

IT COMES UP LOVE

Don O'Connor wanted terribly to keep the ring a secret for the proper time and place. But the darn thing was burning holes in his pocket. 55

LADDIE COMES HOME

Home meant Sue and the baby and that big, soft-hearted lug, Bill Bendix, across the way. But the Army had meant something a guy just couldn't put into words. 57

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COLOR PORTRAITS

FEATURES

BEAUTY

DEPARTMENTS





Mr. and Mrs. Miniver together again!

GREER GARSON

WALTER PIDGEON

give their best performance in their best picture

MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Presented by M.G.M.



With a brilliant supporting cast, Henry Travers, Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Elsa Basserman, Van Johnson, Albert Basserman, C. Aubrey Smith, Victor Francen, Reginald Owen, Margaret O'Brien • Screen Play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau. Based on the book, "Madame Curie" by Eve Curie. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

By Virginia Wilson



One day while gathering wood outside their French village with her sister, Bernadette (Jennifer Jones) sees a vision of a beautiful lady in white at mouth of a cave.



Lady is visible only to her, and townspeople believe her to be lying or insane. When questioned by authorities (Alan Napier Chas. Bickford, Vincent Price), she sticks to her story.



As a final test, they ask her to have Lady perform a miracle. A rivulet of healing water springs out of the ground. Because she was chosen by Heaven to see Vision, Church says it's her duty to take veil.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

Here is the story of a miracle. It is a story so tender, so moving and so real that you will believe in that miracle without another thought. Faith is the strongest single force in the world, and we need lots of it today. "The Song of Bernadette" will help give it to us.

The miracle occurs in the little town of Lourdes, in the French Pyrenees. It happens not to a rich or powerful or even intellectual member of the community, but to a simple little peasant girl named Bernadette Soubirous. Bernadette's family is incredibly poor. She herself is not bright in school, and her first 14 years have passed without anything to mark her as different from the other girls she knows.

This particular day seems to her like any other. She is scolded by her teacher, Sister Vauzous (Gladys Cooper), for not knowing (Continued on page 8)



Years later Bernadette develops a tumor and dies, blessed by one last Vision of The Beautiful Lady. Great tribute is paid her in the church built around the cave, which has become a shrine for healing.



Here is greatness . . .
wonder . . . majesty
. . . a motion picture no
human words can
describe . . . but which
every human heart can
feel . . . and share.

Franz Werfel's
**THE SONG OF
BERNADETTE**

JENNIFER JONES • WILLIAM EYTHE
CHARLES BICKFORD • VINCENT
PRICE • LEE J. COBB

Directed by HENRY KING • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton • A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



THEY CHASE BLUES! RADIO'S GREATEST STARS IN REPUBLIC'S GREATEST SHOW!



Roy Acuff

and
HIS SMOKY MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS
the rural riots of radio's "Grand Ole Opry"

Isabel RANDOLPH

the uppy "Mrs. Uppington" of the
"Fibber McGee and Molly" show

Harry "PAPPY" CHESHIRE

Happy "Pappy" star of the tremen-
dously popular network hit, "Barn-
yard Follies"



O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Fun and excitement set to music

starring

RADIO'S POPULAR ENTERTAINERS
ROY ACUFF & HIS SMOKY MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS
THE RADIO ROGUES

ISABEL RANDOLPH AS "MRS. UPPINGTON"
HARRY "PAPPY" CHESHIRE
THE TENNESSEE RAMBLERS with

FRANK ALBERTSON • LORNA GRAY • IRENE RYAN



"O, My Darling Clem-
entine"
"Low and Lovely"
"Fireball Mail"
"Borrel House Bessie"
"Pollywolly Doodle"
and more

IT'S A REPUBLIC PICTURE

the answer to a question about the Holy Trinity. But Bernadette often doesn't know the answers. After school in the afternoon she and her sister, Marie (Erma Jean Walters), and a friend, Jeanne (Mary Anderson), go off together to gather firewood. Jeanne and Marie cross a little brook near the village dump, leaving Bernadette behind. And there, in that amazingly humble setting, the girl sees a vision. A lady appears, standing in a little grotto on the hillside. She is a beautiful lady, bathed in golden radiance, with roses at her bare feet. She speaks to Bernadette graciously, but when the other girls return, she disappears.

You can imagine what would happen if you told your friends and family a story like that. It happens to Bernadette. Her schoolmates laugh at her, and her father reprimands her crossly for making up fairy tales. But next day Bernadette goes back to the grotto and sees the Lady again. This time the mystical radiance is so strong that the girl faints, but not before she has promised the Lady that she will come to the grotto every day.

Rumors spread fast in a small town. Soon everyone knows that the little Sou-birous girl is seeing visions. They accept Bernadette as a child of Heaven or dismiss her as an accomplished liar, according to their temperaments. But enough of them believe her so that the thing becomes a sensation, and the story reaches the newspapers. Bernadette becomes the object of a searching, cruel investigation. Every possible attempt is made to get her to confess the whole affair is a fabrication. One of her most bitter inquisitors is Dutour (Vincent Price), the cynical Imperial Prosecutor. Another is Peyramale (Charles Bickford) who represents the local church and fears that Bernadette's story will cast doubt on her whole religion. It is, curiously enough, a man of science who believes her wholeheartedly. Dr. Dozous (Lee Cobb) is convinced that Bernadette is too simple and naive a child to make up such a story, and he knows that her faints are physically genuine.

The girl's honest, straightforward answers to the investigators' questions baffle every attempt to discredit her. And now Peyramale is won over by a miracle which the Lady performs at Bernadette's request. From the barren ground a spring of healing water suddenly begins to flow. It brings sight to old Bourriette's blind eye. It brings life back to the dying baby of Croisine Bouhouhorts. Faith and healing go always hand in hand, and miracles are the result.

The authorities, completely dismayed and bewildered by these events, order the grotto boarded up. Bernadette says a sad farewell to her Lady, who promises her happiness in the next world but not in this.

And, truly, Bernadette finds little happiness here on earth. Those who are touched by Heaven may not live as the rest of us do, and at last Bernadette realizes that only as a nun will she find peace.

This is an extraordinary picture. Not only for its theme, but in the delicacy and artistry with which it has been handled. Jennifer Jones is Bernadette, and the rest of the cast is equally effective. "The Song of Bernadette" is, in all probability, the picture of the year.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

"The Song of Bernadette" was in preparation eleven months, in actual work before the cameras three months... Famed Czech novelist Franz Werfel hid for

(Continued from page 6)

small town of Lourdes. Vowed if he ever reached America safely, he wouldn't do another thing until he wrote the story of Bernadette which he had come to know from reading two tiny pamphlets discovered in his hide-out... A New York literary agent sent galley proofs of the book Werfel finally wrote to Producer William Perlberg, who was skeptical at first, but felt convinced it would make one of the most inspiring pictures in the history of the industry by the time he got to the last page... Every big-name writer in town wanted a chance to script the film, but Perlberg turned the story over to George Seaton, who heretofore had written only comedies. To those who criticized, Perlberg said, "I have faith in him. I know he can do a fine, craftsmanlike job. He isn't an egotist, won't try to alter the story"... Seaton went to the desert for eight weeks, came back with a wonderful script. Director Henry King filmed it as is... Director King was on duty with the Civilian Air Patrol when the script was sent to him. He had to read it piecemeal between flights and accepted the assignment because he thinks the film will be the high spot of his career... Seven girls were tested for the role of "Bernadette" using the Vision scene. King stood behind the camera, waved a long stick and asked the girls to imagine they were seeing the Vision. All of them did very well, but "only Jennifer actually saw a Vision"... She had never worked in pictures before, but the studio cured her camera fright by having her work with every

(Continued on page 10)

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 85 and the third on page 105. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 60 is average, this month. For the answers, turn to page 112, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Button Nose's boss
2. Arlington Brough
3. Mrs. Olivier
4. Has anybody here seen —?
5. Little Caesar
6. Said aye to Ney
7. Overworked "Nazi"
8. Rodeo Romeo
9. Brian Aherne's sister-in-law
10. Viennese baron
11. "Big Charlie"
12. Invaded Africa with Hope
13. Rose wilted
14. Tall, dark and ghoulish
15. Cinema address: 10 Baker St.
16. Slap-happy stooges
17. Silly over Sue
18. Dusky delight
19. Accent (French) on Love
20. Prominent proboscis

(Next set of clues on page 85)

Beautiful...

Bewitching...



She risked a kingdom for this one kiss!



Once—and comes a

only once—in a lifetime
"PERICHOLE"... singer in the
streets, power behind the throne, all
woman, all wonderful . . . From Thornton Wilder's
Pulitzer Prize-winning novel . . . this immortal
screen thrill. Don't miss it!



He laugh! her everything and she hated him for it!



He ruled a kingdom and she ruled him!



The Marquesa understood and loathed her—because she, too, was a woman!



Benedict Bogeaus Presents

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari • Francis Lederer • Akim Tamiroff
with Nazimova • Louis Calhern • Blanche Yurka • Donald Woods
Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE • Screenplay by HOWARD ESTABROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel
A ROWLAND V. LEE Production • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Are You in the Know?



Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—

- ☐ A Boogie
- ☐ A Shorty George
- ☐ A Tip

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hep to this "shine" step. It's a *Tip*—and here's another: Know how to *stay in the fun* regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more *comfortable*—and that special safety center keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.

This Hair-do's for you—if

- ☐ Your face is long
- ☐ Heart-shaped
- ☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often center-parted. Vary this hair style to suit your face-type, but if your face is long, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look is a grooming *commandment* when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.



How would you introduce them?

- ☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
- ☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
- ☐ "Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other is a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Wac as "Miss"!). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security." Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. You'll learn—comfort, confidence and Kotex go together!



Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

For Trying Days, try KURB tablets...if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want free the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Full of facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting. It tells how to stay on the job, even on "problem" days.

Send name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-2, Chicago 54, Ill.

(Continued from page 8)
supporting player in their tests three months before production began.

WHAT A WOMAN!

Rosalind Russell specializes in playing career women. The smooth, feminine kind who make a million with one hand while they're breaking hearts with the other. In "What A Woman!" Rosalind is an agent, or, as Hollywood says, a "flesh-peddler." An agent, according to a line in the picture, is someone who takes a short cut to fame by developing other people's talents instead of his own, and collecting ten per cent. In the case of this particular agent, the ten per cents have mounted up till "Carol Ainsley, Inc." is a fantastic business.

None of which impresses Henry Pepper (Brian Aherne), a magazine writer who has been assigned to do a profile on Miss Ainsley. "Women," according to Henry, "are for after office hours." He experiences a slight change of heart when he gets a birds' eye view of Carol, and settles down happily to getting material for a nice long profile.

Carol is too involved in business worries to pay much attention to Henry at first. She has just sold the best seller "Whirlwind" to the movies for a fabulous sum, and is now engaged in a search for a man to play the hero. He must be an unknown, and he must be a guy who will stop the women dead in their tracks.

She finally discovers him in the person of Michael Cobb (Willard Parker) who wrote "The Whirlwind," under the pen name of Anthony Street. He is, unbelievably, a college professor, and is ashamed of having written a popular novel, so he has kept his identity secret. Carol takes one look at him and says, "This is it!" But her interest is entirely professional. Michael says, "This is it!" too, but his intentions are strictly romantic.

Henry sticks around, egging them both on and having fun in his own quiet way. Then all of a sudden he discovers he's in love with Carol himself, and the situation ceases to seem so funny. From there on, there's hell to pay.

Rosalind turns in a breezy portrayal of the agent, and Brian is his usual suave self. Willard Parker is as gorgeous a hunk of man as you've laid eyes on since Mature deserted Hollywood.—Col.

P. S.

Director Irving Cummings calls his actors and actresses to work in love scenes with, "Man your battle stations, kids!" . . . Roz Russell, besides her picture career, does a full time job of charity work, war entertainment and motion picture industry problem solving. Is chairman of a special sub-committee for Information for the Victory Committee, Vice-President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, director of the Hollywood Guild (which cares for needy families), hostess and a sponsor at the Masquer's Club's parties for servicemen, a director of the newly opened Sister Kenny Institute in Minneapolis . . . Willard Parker's real name is Worster Van Eps, took his professional name from his godfather, the noted Dr. Willard Parker . . . Brian Aherne inaugurated the policy of giving autographs only to those who will purchase a ten-cent war stamp. Is now trying to get the Screen Actors Guild to ask all players to adopt the practice.

CRY HAVOC

The story of nurses at Bataan has been told before. It will, in all probability, be told again—and again. Heroism is a tale that always bears repeating, and there is

This group of girls, unlike those in "So Proudly We Hail," are not regular nurses. They are just volunteers who have had no real experience, except a first aid class or two. They are pressed into service by the two nurses in charge—Captain Marsh (Fay Bainter) and Lieutenant Smith (Margaret Sullivan)—because there is literally no one else available.

The girls come from varied backgrounds—everything from Philadelphia Main Line society to Brooklyn burlesque. Their reactions to dirt, hunger and death are just as varied. Smitty, looking them over on their arrival, is in despair. What good will they be? A bunch of kids in pretty clothes, with no more idea than a fly of what a bomb can do to a human being. But the girls learn fast under fire—learn that caring for wounded soldiers is so vital a job that nothing else matters. Not bombs, nor disease nor anything.

Smitty, who is secretly facing death from malignant malaria, is not an easy person to work for. She has a particular feud with Pat (Ann Sothern), whom she considers impertinent and a bad influence. Pat, on the other hand, is sure that Smitty dislikes her because she gets some attention from Lieutenant Holt. Holt is the hero of the picture, but he never appears on the screen except in one "long shot." His presence, however, provides much of the action.

The bombing scenes are effective, but reminiscent of "So Proudly We Hail." It is the emotional scenes in the women's shelter which provide the *raison d'être* for "Cry Havoc," and they are perhaps a little on the talkative side. More action would have lent an effective contrast. But this is still a moving, sympathetic story of a group of brave girls.

Margaret Sullivan plays Smitty with clear cut, dramatic tensivity. Joan Blondell provides what few light moments there

'TEN-SHUN!

\$10 for 10%

There may be a wonderfully dramatic story in that packet of bonds lying in your dresser drawer. A story of small sacrifices and big ones. We want you to tell us about it. We want to know just how you're managing to scrape together over 10% of your weekly salary or income for War Stamps and Bonds. And why? What, specifically, keeps nudging you on? Tell us, and if your letter is selected as the prize-winning one of the month, we'll send you \$10 in war stamps. Address your letters to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

This month's prize-winning letter:

For 14 months I traveled with my husband and lived in the town nearest his camp. Three months ago, we decided it was unwise and expensive, especially on a sergeant's salary. We agreed that I should go home and live with my family. Since then I've been buying a bond a month. Before, I was lucky if I could manage a 25c stamp. Since my husband now lives in the barracks, our expenses are reduced still further, and I hardly feel the pinch of the \$17.50 each month from my husband's \$106 pay. By February, our heir apparent, who's due then, will have at least six to eight bonds to his credit.

Evelyn Schneider
Brooklyn, N. Y.

...again it's **WARNER BROS.**

CARY GRANT

His assignment is the answer to
a submariner's prayer!

JOHN GARFIELD

He knows how to tell
a Jap—with torpedoes
and TNT!



Here's the
story-behind-the-
story of the bombers
that plastered and
blasted Tojo's
home town!

DESTINATION Tokyo

*They've got sweethearts in every port—
and girls, you'll be among 'em!*



DANE
CLARK



ROBERT
HUTTON



WARNER
ANDERSON

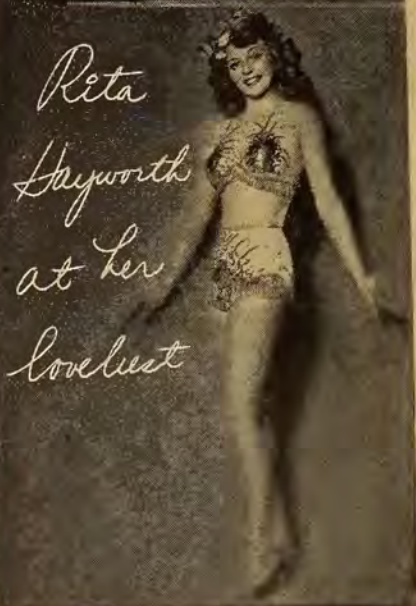
ALAN HALE

JOHN RIDGELY

WILLIAM PRINCE

Directed by
DELMER DAVES
Produced by
JERRY WALD

A few eye-catching scenes
from the most exciting musical
of 1944!



Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in Technicolor

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

with
LEE BOWMAN - PHIL SILVERS - JINX FALKENBURG
and

THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp - Produced by Arthur Schwartz
Directed by CHARLES Vidor
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

are as the ex-burlesque queen. And Ann Sothorn really walks off with your affections as Pat.—M-G-M.

P. S.

All 13 gals went without makeup, gritted their teeth and smiled when their sister actresses insisted on coming calling on their set dressed in cool sheer prints, and newly Max Factor-ed . . . Over-size, dirty dungarees were the only "costumes" issued for the film . . . Maggie Sullivan brought her two daughters, Brooke and Bridget, to watch her work in some of the less tense scenes . . . On the set, a messenger brought Ann Sothorn a new copy of Charley Grapewin's novel, "Meg Randall," and her pals discovered the girl on the book jacket cover looked just like Annie! Ann checked with Charley and discovered it was just coincidence. Said Mr. G., "Lots of folks have asked me if that's you. As far as I know, she isn't. The only explanation I can make is that the illustrator is a Sothorn fan." Ann's best day was the one she got off, to marry Lt. Robert Sterling of the AAF.

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

Why do people die? Oh, of course everyone dies sometime, but why do some die suddenly, violently, by accident? That's what a young priest, Brother Juniper (Donald Woods), tries to find out in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." He has just seen five people flung to death from a broken bridge high in the Peruvian Pyrenees. Why were those five people fated to die this way? What was there in their lives to create this destiny?

Brother Juniper goes to a neighboring Abbess (Blanche Yurka) in his search for information. She tells him of the twin brothers, Manuel and Esteban. (Francis Lederer plays both). Orphans, they were each given the same education, but Manuel, a dashing devil-may-care lad, ran off to sea. Esteban, who was a more studious type, became a public letter writer for the people of Lima. The brothers were devoted to each other, but they were soon separated by more than Manuel's love of the sea. A girl is involved—a gay, beautiful singer named Micaela (Lynn Bari). Manuel falls madly in love with her. Micaela has started her career by singing in the streets of Lima, but with the help of Uncle Pio (Akim Tamiroff), a wily, cynical old peasant, she is launched in a theatrical presentation of considerable magnificence.

In the course of her career she meets the Viceroy (Louis Calhern), who is entranced with her immediately. He decides to move her right over to the palace. This displeases the powerful Marquessa (Nazimova) who has hitherto exerted her influence over him. She begins to plot against him, and the Marquessa is a very expert plotter indeed. But she is also a lonely woman who has recently adopted a young girl from a convent, as a companion. The girl, Pepita (June Loring) disconcerts the worldly Marquessa with her utter goodness and innocence. She even makes the Marquessa wonder, eventually, if intrigue is worth while. In the meantime Manuel returns from the sea, and Micaela must choose between him and the Viceroy.

These people, their lives and the eventual tragic death of five of them are woven

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| Lana Turner Life Story, Part I | ☐ | Journey for Jean Pierre (Aumont) | ☐ |
| "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" | ☐ | Ferdinand, the "Wolf" (Jim Brown) | ☐ |
| MODERN SCREEN Goes on a Date (Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven) | ☐ | The Reagan Boys | ☐ |
| A Guy Named Joe (Cotten) | ☐ | Laddie Comes Home (Alan Ladd) | ☐ |
| Judy Cried Her Heart Out (Garland) | ☐ | It Comes Up Love (Donald O'Connor) | ☐ |
| | | Good News | ☐ |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in the order of preference.

My name is

My address

I am years old.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

into an engrossing tapestry of fate. Akim Tamiroff is particularly triumphant in his role of Uncle Pio. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is as fascinating a puzzle of destiny now as when it won the Pulitzer Prize years ago.—U. A.

P. S.

This is the first picture Mr. Benedict Bogeaus has ever produced. He chose "San Luis Rey" for his first story at the suggestion of friend Arthur Landau, veteran Hollywood story agent, who in turn chose it because it's one of the most popular books in the public library, year in and year out; and because it had fine production possibilities with opportunities for good actors to do some really important emoting . . . Lynn Bari was borrowed from 20th Century-Fox for the role of La Perrichole, gets to wear a silver lamé gown with a net of silver sequins weighing as much as she does—110 pounds . . . Nazimova, at 64, has twice as much energy as women half her age. Says she hasn't any recipe for youth, really, but "so many women let themselves get old by sitting down and looking at their middles. I never do that. It gives you a double chin. I always look up!" She suffers from a fear of heights, yet refused to have a double for the bridge-crashing scenes.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY

Ordinarily you could put the entire plot of a movie "musical" into your right eye with no appreciable discomfort therefrom. But "Knickerbocker Holiday" has a story which provides plenty of interest, as well as giving Nelson Eddy his best acting opportunity in years. Whether he takes advantage of that opportunity is something else again. If you're an Eddy fan, you'll probably think he does.

Charles Coburn also has a nice fat part and makes the most of it. The setting is the town of New Amsterdam (New York to you!) around 1650, shortly after Manhattan was purchased from the Indians for exactly \$23 and a string of beads. (Chorus—give it back!) The new governor, Peter Stuyvesant (Charles Coburn) is to arrive any minute, and the town is agog. Particularly the graft-stuffed town council, which has been getting way with murder.

One man, Brom Broeck (Nelson Eddy), is hoping the governor will institute some much needed reforms. Brom has been writing editorials for the local newspaper on that subject for a long time, but who reads editorials? Apparently the Town Council does, because a couple of girls run in this morning to tell Brom he's about to be arrested for sedition. One of the girls is Tina (Constance Dowling), daughter of the chief councilman and a very pretty dish indeed. Brom is in love with her, but he hasn't gotten any farther with that than with his campaign for reform. He stops now to kiss her, and the gendarmes arrive before he's through and cart him off to jail.

Governor Stuyvesant's boat docks, and the governor lands, complete with a startling, silver-studded wooden leg. He promptly complicates matters by falling in love with Tina. At his age, too! Love and reform both take quite a kicking around before everything straightens out to form a Knickerbocker Holiday!

Nelson Eddy has some particularly charming songs to sing, and Charles Coburn is, as usual, a gruff old gentleman with a heart of gold. Constance Dowling wears ten petticoats and manages to look seductive in spite of them.—U. A.

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P. S.

Nelson Eddy, star, rates another credit as composer in this one. Wrote "Oh Woe" and "Holiday." Most of the original music written by Kurt Weill for the Maxwell Anderson stage play has been retained, and Charles Coburn gets to sing the haunting "September Song" . . . Constance Dowling will be a new face to movie fans. Half Russian, half Irish, she's a volatile bundle of beauty with a natural flair for things dramatic. Came to Hollywood via stage work in New York . . . Charles Coburn could work only ten minutes at a time with his leg bent double. 39 fittings were necessary to set the peg leg he wears in the film . . . The photographers had a tough time figuring out a way to keep their cameras from shaking during Carmen Amaya's dance numbers. The heel-pounding typical of her Flamenco style of terpsichore caused vibrations. They finally whipped up a crane-like contraption, rigged so the part farthest from the camera would absorb all the noise bounce.

LOST ANGEL

I'll bet this picture will surprise you. It's what they refer to in racing circles as a "sleeper." The story of an infant prodigy brought up by college professors till the age of six doesn't sound like anything to cause dancing in the streets, does it? But when you put little Margaret O'Brien in the role of the prodigy, and team her up with a tough newspaperman played by James Craig, you've got something. Marsha Hunt, Philip Merivale, Donald Meek and Keenan Wynn lend additional gusto to the proceedings.

A group of scientists adopt a baby girl as an experiment. For the first six years of her life they teach her all the things that will develop her brain and body to the utmost. She studies Chinese poetry instead of reading Mother Goose, does Yogi exercises instead of skipping rope. They've even named her Alpha after the first letter of the Greek alphabet. On her sixth birthday some visiting professors from Harvard arrive to test her I. Q. The scientific world awaits the result with bated breath.

But about that time a newspaperman named Mike (James Craig) also arrives. Not from choice—he'd rather be investigating the case of a gangster named Packy (Keenan Wynn) who, Mike thinks, has been framed on a murder rap. Or else he'd like to be out with his charming girl friend, Katie (Marsha Hunt), a night club singer. But his editor has sent him to interview Alpha, and his not to reason why. Something about the kid's grave loneliness bothers Mike. It isn't right to bring her up like that, not having any fun or believing in fairies or Santa Claus or anything. So Mike sets out to remedy the situation. What he doesn't expect is that Alpha will fall so hard for his talk about magic and leprechauns that she'll run away from the Institute and come looking for him. But she does—and at the same time Packy breaks jail and shows up at Mike's apartment. It's a laughter packed situation, and the scene of Alpha teaching the gangster Yogi will enchant you completely.

This is a long shot that came home a winner.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Margaret O'Brien didn't know what she was saying when she solemnly rattled off "Sine me gracias agere propter gratulationes vestras." The Latin acceptance scene in which she was

abused hair

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given a copy of "An Introduction to Philosophy." She learned it from hearing her mother read it to her, then did the whole speech perfectly the first take—even though a baby tooth fell out and had to be replaced before the scene could be shot again. . . . Jimmy Craig has 2500 Cornish Cross chickens on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. His big problem used to be market day, when he and his hired man had to rush around choosing and catching the unlucky ones. Finally Jimmy built a flat section of chicken house wall of lath and wire netting. It slides the length of each chicken run on two taut wires. As it moves along, it heads all the feathered fellows to one end of the run—and the wire pens them in. Jim can then pick out the selected stock and crate them with little or no effort!

TENDER COMRADE

Suppose you were one of the kids who got married back in 1939. The war seemed awfully far away then. Oh, sure, there were people who said we'd get into it eventually. But you figured there were always a few sourpusses like that around. So—you got married, and the honeymoon was sheer heaven, and you started keeping house. Maybe you had a few arguments with your husband about your wanting to take a job and his thinking woman's place is in the home. Or about whether it was a good idea to have children now or wait till later when you had more money in the bank. But the arguments were made up with kisses, and life was almost too wonderful to bear.

That's the way it was with "Jo" Jones (Ginger Rogers) and her husband, Chris (Robert Ryan). That's the way they got married, and those are the things they argued about. And then came Pearl Harbor.

So now Chris is Sergeant Jones of the U. S. Army, saying a last farewell to Jo before he goes overseas. And Jo kisses him good-by and goes back to her job on the assembly line of the war plant. Three other women work alongside Jo. They are Helen (Patricia Collinge), who is older than the others and has a son as well as a husband overseas; Barbara (Ruth Hussey), whose husband is a sailor with a girl in every port; and Doris (Kim Hunter), who seems like such a child that the rest can't believe it when she announces that she has just married a soldier named Tony.

The four war wives rent a house and even have the super good fortune to acquire a housekeeper named Manya (Mady Christians). But life for a group of women together is apt to be complicated when they are as different as these four. Especially since Jo finds she's going to have a baby.

The way they work out their problems will make you weep as well as laugh. It will bring the war as close to you as next door. Watch especially for little Kim Hunter, as Dora—she has quite a future. But it's Jo's picture, and you'll find yourself arguing and kissing and praying right along with Jo Jones. Because that's the way Ginger Rogers acts. Ginger's a war wife herself—she *knows*—RKO.

P. S.

"Tender Comrade" was so true to life for many of the cast, the film is bound to have a special warmth about it. . . . Three days after the picture finished, Bob Ryan reported for induction in the Army. Says he told his wife the very same things he had to say in the script to Ginger Rogers. . . . Ginger's husband, Marine John Calvin Briggs, left for an unknown overseas destination the week

What to tell your husband

if he objects to your getting a war-time job

BUT I CAN SUPPORT OUR FAMILY!



1. ANSWER: It isn't a question of pride! Millions more women *must* take jobs or our war effort will bog down! It means winning the war—saving lives of our boys! It's up to each husband to help his wife get a job.

BUT HOW DOES A CIVILIAN JOB HELP?



2. ANSWER: Just as fighters need weapons, so civilians need restaurants, stores, buses, laundries, etc., to keep going. That's why housewives, with vital *civilian* jobs, speed victory as much as girls in war plants!

BUT I MIGHT GET DRAFTED SOONER!



3. ANSWER: A wife's job does not, in itself, affect her husband's draft status in any way. And isn't it better for you to get a *job* now—if he's called anyway—and have a plan to support yourself and family?

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME!



4. ANSWER: Right now is the time to discuss it! Because your country needs women *at once*! Millions of them! With or without experience! Full or part time! In war plants and in civilian jobs.

BUT HOW CAN YOU FIND A JOB?



5. ANSWER: Easy! Your newspaper want ads show the kind of jobs in *your* town. And you can get free advice at your local U. S. Employment Service Office. "*The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!*"



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spend those last precious few days with him at La Jolla . . . Mady Christians was brought out from New York to play the housekeeper role. Originally the part was assigned to Katina Pazinou, but when Madame Pazinou's illness took a turn for the worse, presaging a long recovery, RKO was forced to substitute Miss Christians . . . Ginger and Bob have more love scenes in this film than she's had with any of her leading men since "Kitty Foyle." The writer is the same man who adapted "Foyle," incidentally—Dalton Trumbo, an A No. 1 movie scripter who turns in his work in actual shooting-script form with camera directions, notes to the actors, etc., already incorporated. Works at home, because he thinks most studio writers' offices are "like rabbit hutches, with the wind blowing in under the door."

THIS IS THE LIFE

If I had to hitch my wagon to a particular star these days, I'd pick young Donald O'Connor. The lad is going places fast. In this latest picture he has toned down a bit, and some of the rough edges have been smoothed, with pleasing results. He still has that natural charm that makes friends with you right away.

Susanna Foster plays the object of his affections. She has a beautiful voice and she's an attractive girl, but somebody ought to tell her not to wear her hair up. It looks awful! As Angela, she plays an 18-year-old, in love in a moon-struck fashion with a man twice her age. The man is Hilary Jarrett (Patric Knowles), a surgeon and a major in the United States Army. He is convalescing from tropical fever at the little country hotel run by Angela's Aunt Betsy (Dorothy Peterson). When Hilary sees that Angela is talking herself into thinking she's in love with him, he leaves for his home in New York. Before he goes, he confides in her worried boy friend, Jimmy (Donald O'Connor), that he's interested in her only as a friend—particularly in her vocal career.

However, Angela follows him to New York, gets him in a weak moment and wangles an engagement ring out of him. By the time Jimmy manages to get to New York, too, she is flashing a diamond the size of a golf ball and talking airily about "when Hilary and I are married." Jimmy feels completely sunk till he accidentally encounters Hilary's svelte, blonde ex-wife, Harriet (Louise Allbritton), and realizes that she and Hilary are still in love. He executes a complicated series of maneuvers to get them back together again, most of which blow up in his face. One does work, though, eventually, and everybody lands in the right set of arms.

Peggy Ryan, as a dancer with Ray Eberle's orchestra, is an exuberant brunette edition of Betty Hutton. She and Donald put on a couple of hot routines that will have the cats in the aisles. Better dig it, kids.—Univ.

P. S.

Tenth consecutive co-starring picture for Peggy Ryan and Don O'Connor . . . Susanna Foster fans will love this one. She sings four famous and familiar numbers: "Open Thy Heart," "L'amour Toujours L'amour," "With a Song in My Heart" and "Chiri Biri Bin." During production Miss Foster was visited by members of the national music society, Sigma Alpha Iota, who presented her with an honorary membership card . . . Don hadn't yet turned 18 when this picture was being filmed and had to attend studio school three hours a day. He hated it. Would rather poke around the wardrobe

department and help the crew move props during his spare time . . . Last picture for Patric Knowles for the duration. He's now civilian flight instructor at an Air Corps Cadet training school in Oxnard, California . . . "Smokey," two-year-old terrier, trained by the famous dog trainer, Henry East, literally steals the picture. He appears in 283 scenes out of a total of 321 shooting sequences . . . Smokey was almost suspended during scenes on set of interior of a Brownstone mansion in New York. Marble floor had to be faked with painted linoleum, and Smokey's claws were making such a racket the dialogue in the scenes wasn't clear. Henry East saved his doggy career by putting small pieces of rubber tubing over the toenails.

HEAVENLY BODY

This is what used to be known as "drawing room comedy." Meaning that it's witty, urbane and very, very civilized. It's a gay story of a husband who neglects his wife for a comet. Hedy Lamarr and William Powell, who made such an attractive couple in "Crossroads," are married again in "Heavenly Body." And, by the way, any resemblance between the title and Hedy is strictly coincidental. The title refers to the comet.

Professor William Whitley (William Powell) has discovered this comet sailing steadily across the heavens, and he now spends all his nights watching it through a telescope from his observatory on Mount Jefferson. This leaves Vicky (Hedy Lamarr) at home with a good book. One evening, however, she selects as reading matter a horoscope which she's had the local astrologer cast for her. It states flatly that on the twenty-third of this month her "true love" will enter her life. Vicky has always supposed that Bill was her true love, but now she begins to wonder. Maybe, somewhere waiting for her is a man who will have no interest whatever in comets. She finally tells Bill about the horoscope and moves him into the guest room till she can look over the expected arrival. Bill is bewildered and indignant, but helpless.

On the twenty-third no handsome stranger shows up, and Vicky breathes a sigh of relief as the clock strikes 12. She (Continued on page 22)

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN HAVEN'T SHOES

It's nice, slipping into your snug, quilted housecoat and watching the snow collect on the windowsill. Feeling warm and secure and safe. Nice till you open a paper and read, "During this terrible winter we (Greeks) have had to bury our loved ones without clothes. Almost everyone is in rags, and for the sake of the children we had to save the clothing to protect them from the bitter cold." That comes from a letter sent the Greek War Relief last year. This year it's worse. And the awful, achy part of it is that you've probably stacks of good, warm clothes in your own attic. You will go through your house today, won't you, and send whatever blankets, shoes and clothing possible to the Greek War Relief Association, 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. . . . or to your local chapter. If you don't know its address, just drop a card to headquarters in New York, and they'll tell you. But do it now. It's so frightfully urgent.

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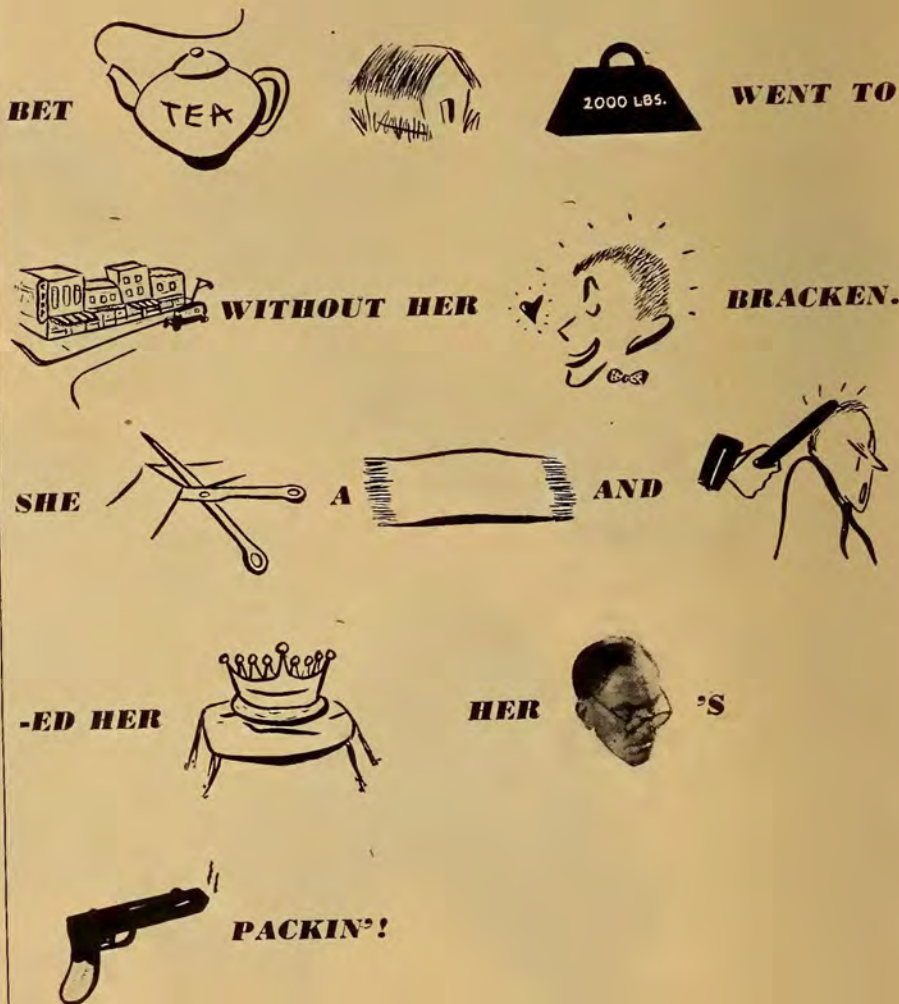
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See page 26 for contest details



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that's dizzy... but

When this immovable force
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And she
flashes her
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Mac Murray...



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Who really loves
his assignments



And the things
that develop in
her darkroom



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

didn't really want to leave Bill, anyway. Just then the Air Raid Warden rings the bell and points out that she's left a light burning. He also remarks that her clock is 20 minutes fast. That does it! It's still the twenty-third, and the Warden is a tall, handsome stranger named Lloyd Hunter (James Craig). This, Vicky decides, is destiny of the 18-carat variety. It's no use struggling against fate.

But Bill is prepared to struggle plenty. His attempts to convince Vicky that it's all just a broken-down fortune teller's pipe dream leads to some of the funniest lines and situations of the season. The cast includes Spring Byington, Fay Bainter and Robert Sully. I think you'll like "Heavenly Body."—M-G-M.

P. S.

New discovery Robert Sully used to be a practical engineer, got into pictures after friends insisted he take one of the offers being made to him weekly by studio execs... He's 6 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 210 pounds, sent the gals swooning from the theater at the sneak preview of the picture. Scar tissue left over from earlier mishaps keep him out of the Army, though he's tried to enlist in every branch of the service... Celebrated visitor during production was Hilary A. St. George Saunders, combined operations recorder on the staff of Britain's Lord Louis Mountbatten. He said he was there because he wanted to watch his favorite actor—Bill Powell—at work... Hedy Lamarr keeps up a continuous campaign to urge friends to write daily to their friends in service. "It's so little to do—do it today and don't put it off," she tells everyone... Hedy revives a famous Garbo fashion deal—the pill-box hat. It's the same, but Hedy wears hers squarely on the back of her head instead of dipped over one eye... Snowball, the huge white cockatoo, went crazy and flew around like a mad thing when he

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I got into the Beverly Hills Hotel awfully late one night, feeling high. As I stood there talking to the bellhop, the phone rang and he asked me to answer it. "Desk, send up some cigarettes, please." "Who's this speaking?" I asked. "Simone Simon," answered the voice. "Yea, and I'm Mickey Mouse," I said.

Anyhow, I grabbed the cigarettes, brought them up and found Miss Simon at the door. "Since when do they have soldiers for bellhops?" she wanted to know. "Listen, lady," I told her, "the labor shortage is so acute they're drafting men out of the Army." Instead of being angry, she laughed and asked, "Where do you live?" "Across the hall," I said. "Splendid, won't you have breakfast with me at 10 tomorrow morning?" "I'd love to," I said, bowing out of the room in a thick haze.

Sgt. Julian Feigus,
15th Fighter Control Sqdn.

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LOS ANGELES

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Opening a War Bond show in Duluth, Ralph Bellamy's first words were, "Folks, we're here to sell you some War Bonds, and we're gonna do it if we have to stand on our heads." The evening's entertainment progressed beautifully until almost the end, when one of the ushers brought Mr. Bellamy a slip of paper on which was written, "I'll buy a \$100 bond if Mr. Bellamy will stand on his head." For a moment he stood staring at the audience with an air of disbelief, then flung off his coat. "Okay, you asked for it," he said . . . and darned if he didn't stand on his head.

Alice Pinchak,
Duluth, Minn.

was released from his cage for one scene. Finally had to be tied in place for one quick shot, but his keeper assured bird-lovers on the set it didn't hurt him a bit . . . Technical adviser on the film was Dr. Robert S. Richardson, on the staff of Mt. Wilson Observatory. Dr. Richardson was pleased to see that the astronomers in the picture were not portrayed in the usual aged, bearded fashion.

DESTINATION TOKYO

Cary Grant looks exactly the way captains should look, even when they're in a submarine under the Pacific instead of strolling up Fifth Avenue with a girl on each arm. He manages to look handsome, dashing and efficient at the same time. He has to be efficient to be captain of of the U.S.S. Copperfin, which is the submarine in this picture. The Copperfin has a very special mission to perform. Its destination is not the Aleutians or the Solomons or any one of the other places its crew guesses. This time the destination is Tokyo.

But nobody aboard knows that when they sail from San Francisco Harbor. They head northwest the day before Christmas, 1942, with "Wolf" (John Garfield) and "Cookie" (Alan Hale) joking and ribbing "The Kid" (Bob Hutton). For some time they cruise under water during the day (how would you like to eat your Christmas dinner at the bottom of the ocean?) and only come up to re-charge their batteries at night. After all, an American plane coming over would bomb first and ask questions afterward. And, as Cookie says, you'd be just as dead if it was an American bomb that exploded.

They finally reach a rendezvous in the Aleutians where they take aboard a weather expert (John Ridgely). The weather, on a mission like this, isn't just something to use for conversational purposes. Before the sub can get back under water after Ridgely comes aboard, it is spotted by a Jap plane. The battle which ensues will have you biting your nails like mad, and if you think that's exciting, wait till the boys get to Tokyo Bay! That's when things really start happening.

There have been so many of these submarine pictures that "Destination Tokyo" won't win any Oscars for originality. It's lively entertainment though, and it is helped considerably by John Garfield and Alan Hale. By now Alan must feel more at home in a sub than he does on land. Others in the cast are Dane Clark, Tom Tully, William Prince, Warren Douglas and John Forsythe.—War.

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The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

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Perc Westmore,
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P. S.

No visitors were allowed on the set during production... Cary Grant, John Garfield, Dane Clark and the rest of the cast were under the strictest surveillance at all times, because certain parts of the picture were a military secret until Navy authorities gave their okay to release the film... One of the technical directors was Commander Dudley Walker Morton, who received a Distinguished Service Cross from General MacArthur, the Navy Cross with two stars and a Presidential Citation for captaining a submarine that put 20 Jap ships under the sea, blew up a Jap sub and destroyed an unannounced number of enemy fighting craft... During production, it was discovered this wasn't the first time Grant had been in a submarine. When he was 13 and running messages between the lines, he went out on patrol with a British sub during the thick of the fighting. At that time, though, he didn't have to remember all the technical names tossed at him in the script. Spent his lunch hours in the Green Room muttering them over and over to himself, so they'd come naturally when the cameras started rolling... The sub set was on rollers, and the movement was violent. Seasickness was an everyday occurrence, with one or another of the cast tottering off every once in a while to rest... For one scene on the deck of the sub, Cary had to be dramatically serious while a prop man perched on a 20-foot stepladder squirted water in his face with a hose. Grant commented, "That guy on the ladder worries me. He just sits there dead-pan and squirts me in the face. It's tough to keep from laughing..." A like experience was Bob Hutton's. Extremely ticklish, it was all he could do to remain perfectly still while Bill Prince "operated" on him for appendicitis... the film has many authentic seascapes, and the entire production was made under Naval supervision.

NO TIME FOR LOVE

Maybe it's the manpower shortage, but the Hollywood heroines are certainly pursuing the heroes lately. Jean Arthur chased John Wayne all over the West's great open spaces in "A Lady Takes A Chance." Olivia de Havilland practically held a shotgun on Robert Cummings to get him to marry her in "Princess O'Rourke." And now in "No Time For Love," Claudette Colbert pursues Fred MacMurray the length and breadth of Manhattan and under the East River besides. It's boy meets girl in the comedy manner, and it would cheer up a case of acute melancholia. Go see it, quick.

Claudette as Katherine Grant, photographer for a magazine called "Mirror," thinks marrying for love went out with the smelling salts era. That is, she thinks so till she gets an assignment to photograph some "sandhogs" at work digging a tunnel under the East River. The sandhogs are not pleased to see the beautiful Miss Grant. "Dames in a tunnel is a jinx" is the way they put it. Katherine promptly proves their point by causing one of them named Ryan (Fred MacMurray) to fall off a ladder. Then she has to scoop him out of the way of some machinery to keep him from being killed. When he comes to, instead of being impressed and grateful, he tells her it was all her fault in the first place. And adds that she's not his type and might as well stop making eyes at him. The outraged Miss Grant retaliates by announcing furiously that she has a chair at home in her bedroom which has more personality than Mr. Ryan. Result: Ryan shows up that night to look over the chair.

Katherine is lost from then on. She moons around till her sister, Hoppy (Ilka Chase) says she has LOVE spelled out on her forehead in neon lights. Katherine denies being in love but hires Ryan as her assistant on the theory that the more she sees of him the less she'll like him. "It won't work!" Hoppy says. It doesn't.

Richard Haydn is wonderful as a vague but effective Cupid. June Havoc plays one of Ryan's girl friends whom Katherine describes as a blondined case of arrested development. Claudette and Fred are both at their best. It's a funny show.—Par.

P. S.

Wooden, 130-foot tunnel reproduction was one of most complicated in screen history. Construction was so ingenious that technical adviser Charles Wall, inspecting engineer of all tunnel projects in N. Y., threw out 20-year-old method of structural support and ordered a variation of this plan for Brooklyn-Battery tunnel... Only experienced sandhog in cast was Rod Cameron, who'd worked underground for five years in New York state and Calif., before movies nabbed him... During filming of tunnel cave-in, Colbert and MacMurray wallowed around in mud for 10 days. After last scene Director Leisen dove head-on into the mud from the camera-platform, just to prove he sympathized with all they'd endured. Gave each actor a glassful of mud for remembrance—with a hundred-dollar bill attached!... Claudette was stoic until last day when she broke down and sputtered, "I'll never have a mud facial pack for the rest of my life!"... Richard Haydn, playing puckish composer-pianist with yen for food, had to eat constantly during production. By end of picture, he had consumed a tray of canapes, three chicken legs, half a dozen apples, six plates of corned beef and cabbage, plus boiled potatoes and 19 bananas!

A (THRILLER) DILLER— A DOLLAR!

You tell wonderful stories. Honestly you do. Stories about bumping into stars in elevators or over lunch counters... meeting Hollywood glamour gals in overalls and with their hair down. We want you to keep on sending us these anecdotes, as many as you possibly can. And for every one we print, we'll send you \$1. Address your envelope: Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. If you'd like your story returned to you, better send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This month's prize-winner:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Mobs of people crowded the steps of the treasury department in Washington. Dozens of Hollywood actors and actresses were there, too, for the big bond rally, but the favorites were Abbott and Costello. When a red-headed girl walked up to their booth to buy a bond, Costello turned to Abbott and said, "You know, I've never kissed a red head." "Well," Abbott asked, "what are you waiting for?" "Nothin'," Costello answered, and coolly proceeded to kiss her.

Lillian Hackman,
Washington, D. C.

CAN VITAMINS RESTORE NATURAL COLOR TO YOUR GRAY OR STREAKED HAIR?

Here's how you can test the amazing Panates 2-Way Double Action Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin Treatment and Get Satisfactory Results or Get Your Money Back for the Asking.

You've read and heard about the latest miracle of vitamin science—the anti-gray hair vitamins. Now test the original double action anti-gray hair vitamin formula, PANATES, on a trial offer so fair it calls for immediate acceptance.

NOTHING TO FEAR

REMEMBER, PANATES ISN'T A HAIR DYE. You can test PANATES whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins act from underneath. Soon you may notice you need less and less hair coloring. But let me tell you what this amazing discovery is, how it works, and why so many thousands of women and men who once accepted the double vitamin PANATES treatment, this same trial offer, now continue with PANATES because of the changes in hair color they see taking place.

Tests reported by a national magazine on small groups of gray haired women and men, ranging in ages from 21 to 60, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling results. These people were given fairly large daily doses of certain vitamins, and in from 1 to 6 months 88% of them showed first signs of results.

Previously, tests with animals showed that when these animals did not get these vitamins in their daily food, their hair turned white. Then, when they were fed adequate amounts of these vitamins, their hair became natural in color again.

The tests on people showed that age had no bearing on the results. The quickest action was obtained by a man in his fifties. The man's hair started to turn from gray to a natural black in only one short month. The slowest case was a girl in her twenties. It took 6 months for her to get any signs of results.

Panates give not only the anti-gray hair vitamin, but wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. It works by giving your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be

lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color through the hair roots to check gray spread, to give the hair new lively lustre, and to bring new hope for restoration of normal hair color once again. While too new to guarantee 100% results, we can and do make a very fair money back trial offer. We are certainly making it easy for you to test the PANATES Treatment yourself to see what PANATES' two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely looking natural hair color beauty.

PANATES SAFE! No Mess, No Fuss.

PANATES is absolutely harmless. It is a natural way to seek natural hair color. It is concentrated food elements, vitamins. PANATES action is simply by supplying to the system a source for certain healthful vitamins which may be lacking in your own daily diet. You can test PANATES in the confidence these vitamins are taken by countless thousands the nation over.



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A Few of the Scores of Letters from Panates Users
Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over now are taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received. In PANATES there is hope!

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. C. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly. . . . My hair is beginning to darken at the roots. . . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES. . . . My complexion is much smoother. . . ."

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SEND NO MONEY... Test At Our Risk.

Send coupon for either the \$1.79 (30-day) or \$4.79 (90-day) Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee results must please you or money back. Send remittance with your order and we pay postage. Or, you are invited to check the coupon for a free booklet which tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you send for, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double action treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon, today.

*This Trial Offer Is Fair and
It Calls for Instant Acceptance.*

Remember, this day may be the happiest day in your life. Now it is quite possible a lack of anti-gray hair vitamins in your diet may be causing your gray hair. . . . It is quite possible that simply by improving your diet and by taking small harmless concentrated food vitamins each day, you may not only check the gray spread but actually change much of the gray, old looking, streaked off-color hair back to lovely original color. . . . natural color! You take no chances. Our money back guarantee is your protection. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows. . . perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original youthful color! But it's up to you. Act. . . . mail the trial coupon today.

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Send PANATES (2-way) Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins plus the Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E) as checked in square opposite. I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival on your money back guarantee. (If you send money with your order, PANATES pays all postage charges.)

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Now you can test amazing PANATES yourself on our iron-clad guarantee. If you are not satisfied with results from the first treatment, you send for your money back on return of the empty package. Don't wait. This is your chance to try PANATES, the Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin treatment that also gives you Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E). Mail this special trial coupon today.

Modern Screen's Contest Series No. 12

"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

\$1,750 Picture Puzzle!

1ST PRIZE.....I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE.....\$200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE.....\$1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

Here's something new in the way of a picture puzzle contest. The jingle we've got this month is based on Betty Hutton and Eddie Brockton's new picture, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"—and the stanza fits the tune of "Yonkee Doodle Dandy." Try it and see!

HERE'S HOW: Since the picture puzzle is based on "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," you'd better read the story of the movie on page 48 before filling in your coupon. Then hop to it. Each picture represents a word or part of a word. Fill the words in on your coupon. You can tell if you're on the right track by singing the whole works to the tune of "Yonkee Doodle Dandy." If the words fit, you've got a good chance of winning.

RULES

1. Solve the picture puzzle.
2. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs. give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than March 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count but *do not* send in elaborate entries. They will receive no preference.
7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one *big* prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this series.
8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.



So beautiful, so snug, this I. J. Fox Persian lamb coat styled with tuxedo front, wide turn-back cuffs: 1st prize for this contest.

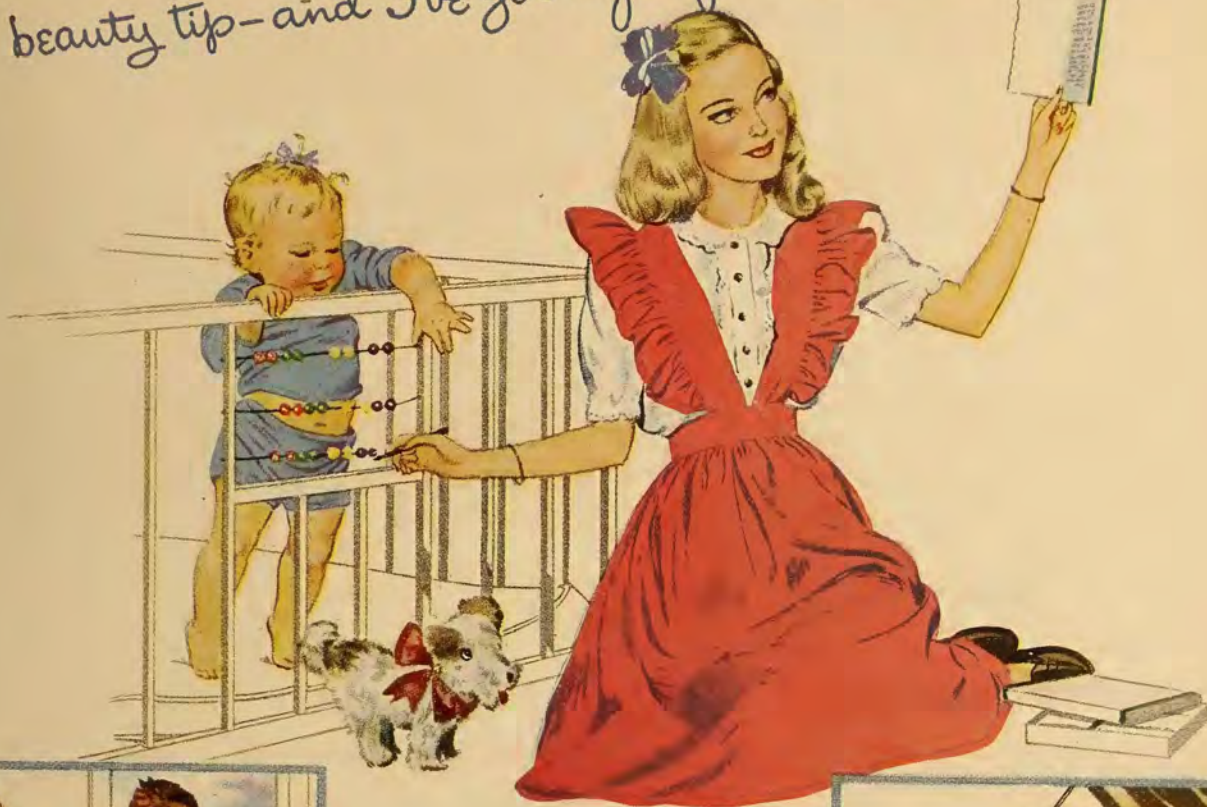
WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST NO. 9: "LET'S FACE IT"

- 1ST PRIZE.....Miss Talitha Smith, Albertville, Ala.
2ND PRIZE.....Miss Virginio Baker, Pocahontas, Fla.
3RD PRIZE...Lt. Paul Lee Johnson, USNR, Odessa, Ma.
4TH PRIZE.....Miss Gene Miller, Rochester, N. Y.
5TH PRIZE....Mrs. Annie Preston, New Brunswick, N. J.

TURN TO PAGE 18 FOR "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" PICTURE PUZZLE

Dear Sis:—

Your baby has given me a beauty tip—and I've got myself a marine!



A BREAK—THAT'S WHAT IT WAS . . . when you asked me to stay with baby Susie while you visited her Daddy out on the Coast. I was staying home darn near every night, anyway. Lonesome as heck. But how was I to know *what* a break it would be!



THAT BLESSED DOCTOR of yours! I took Susie to him for her check-up as you told me. (She's fine!) As we left I wailed, "I'd tackle almost any beauty routine, Doctor, to have a skin like that baby's!" "Regular, gentle cleansings with mild, pure Ivory is the ticket for you! It has no coloring, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. It couldn't be milder or purer. Might make a world of difference to your complexion."



QUICK AS A BUNNY I changed to gentle Ivory care. Boy did it WORK! Not long ago, Kay brought over a couple of Marine Lieutenants. I got the good-looking one—and I *do* mean GOT! He raves about my slick, smoother complexion. Wants to announce our engagement when you get back! Hurry!
99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats



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TO OUR READERS...

Do you remember the story about the tiny little salt mill that would start grinding out salt on command—and wouldn't stop until you said the magic word? And if you didn't know the word, it was really murder—even if you liked salt! . . . I used to think that story was solid, even though I just took a little salt on my celery. But now I've met Beverly Linet, and I have a real story to tell! . . . Beverly is right out of a fairy tale herself. She has been president of several fan clubs and is utterly, utterly devoted to movies. If anything ever happened to Hollywood, I suspect she would go up in a soundless, invisible spiral of smoke. . . . For, far better than salt, Beverly grinds out information about movies and stars! She is so awfully well informed that I sometimes think it must hurt to be so smart. With a good stiff question, you can start her grinding out wisdom. And I have never yet seen anyone able to stop her! . . . In all fairy tales, the characters always live happily ever afterwards. To ensure Beverly's fate, we have revived our old Information Desk. Send all your questions about the stars and movies to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And don't tell me you don't believe in fairy tales. I didn't either—not until I met Beverly!

H. H. H. H.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR



Lana Turner

Part 1 of her life story, in which she comes to H'wood in a mud-covered car with its side caved in and not a thought of movie-making in her head!

The pretty little girl engrossed in the paper doll cut-out was Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner. She had just come in from school. Mother was out—working at the beauty parlor. Luncheon dishes were piled on the sink ready to be washed and dried. The dishes were Julia Jean's job. But between dirty dishes and paper dolls—such a choice for a little girl to make.

She thought, bother the dishes. Mother won't be in for a long while yet. Before she knew it, a key was clicking the door. Whew! And the dishes not done! Julia Jean took flight. Paper doll, scissors, guilty conscience and all, she made for the bedroom and dived under the bed.

Mother called. She kept quiet. She could tell by the voice, by the hurrying footsteps, by the way doors were being opened and shut, that Mother was scared. She longed to call out that she was all right but, having started this game of hide-and-seek, she was stuck with it. The outer door opened and closed. Mother'd gone to ask the man in the lobby whether Julia Jean had come home from school. And the man would say yes. Well—it wouldn't be long now—

Back came Mother, headed straight for the bedroom, peered under the bed and yanked her darling out. Having first made sure that she was sound in wind and limb, Mother then proceeded to give her what was coming to her, after which she left the room. She *always* did that—the sudden realization checked Julia Jean's tears—every time she spanked her, she'd go right out of the room. Why? Curiosity got the better of her. She opened the door a crack. There sat mother, head down on her arms, bawling her eyes out. Julia Jean couldn't bear it. Next minute she was down on her knees, burrowing her head in her mother's lap, crying as no spanking had ever made her cry. Mother picked her up, cradled and hushed her like a baby, talked to her softly, kissed the swollen eyes, bathed the tear-stained face with water. Then she turned her round—

(Continued on following page)



Remember this? It's an old favorite of ours, snapped when Lana lived in Wallace, Idaho, 100 mis. from nearest movie!



Made theatrical debut at 3 when she crashed large charity fashion show, in which her mam was a model. Her dad, vaudevillian before turning engineer, taught her dancing, let her join his act.



In 1937, she was a starlet of 16, lived modestly with her mom in tiny apt. Romance rumors sprang up when she and Ronnie Reagan were seen dining steadily in War. Green Room.

Lana Turner continued

"Now, young lady," she said with a catch in her voice, "go wash those dishes."

Her mother was the center of Julia Jean's universe. Mothers generally are, when their children are young. But this was different. Her mother had to be where Julia Jean could look at her. If she left the room, Julia Jean would kick and scream and raise general cain.

It wasn't protection she craved. She was neither a fearful child nor a shy one. She met people with poise and dropped them her little curtsies. But the way she needed Mother was the way she needed light and air.

Before long, she had to adjust herself to the fact that they weren't Siamese twins. But Mother remained the focal point of her being. The bond between them was so warm and strong that, whatever went wrong, Mother's presence could make it come right. For instance, she hated performing at school functions. She felt as if she were drowning—till she found Mother's face in the audience. Their eyes would meet, and Mother would smile, and her smile was like a hand pulling Julia Jean out of the water. After that it was easy. She'd just say her piece or whatever it was straight

to Mother. Even when she'd got to be a big girl in her teens.

The worst time of her life was when Mother left her in Stockton and went to work in San Francisco, and they only saw each other week-ends. If anyone had told her a thing like that could happen, she wouldn't have believed it. Or if she had, she'd have wanted to lie down and die.

Before that, everything was lovely. Of course she couldn't remember much about Wallace—the little Idaho mining town where she'd been born. There was the house—she remembered that—gray and two-storied, with steps leading up to the porch. She used to pretend she was a queen, and the top step was her throne and nobody else was allowed to sit there unless she liked them very much, in which case she'd graciously invite them to share the throne.

She remembered the abandoned chocolate pop factory, where she'd learned the meaning of terror. With the door open, it was a friendly place, and she'd loved to climb up and down the spiral staircase because it made her think of enchanted (*Continued on page 34*)



Signed contract with her long-time favorite name, Lana. Immediately branded "sweater girl," she was given several tiny roles, emerged one of most promising actresses of 1937!



Discovered sipping a soda at drugstore counter by a talent scout, Lana was immediately whipping into the movies without ounce of training. First role was with Lina Perry (above) in "They Won't Forget." Modeling experience gave her courage to face cameras.



Between scenes of "Love Finds Andy Hardy," Lana, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney had to go to school on set. Chums called her "Judy," enemies tortured her with "Carrots."



In 1938, she got into hot water with Board of Education because she played too hard, studied too little. Warned her career was at stake, she vowed to settle down to work, lay off nightclubbing.

Lana Turner continued

houses in fairy tales, and she was always hoping a cute little elf in a pointed cap might poke his head round the corner and play with her. But one day the door blew shut, and she couldn't get it open, and she was alone with the dark coming at her from all sides, and her voice was screaming and her fists pounding wildly against wood, but she knew they'd never hear her—never, never, never—and she'd be alone in the dark until she died.

It couldn't have been more than a few minutes before they came—a few minutes of such tearing anguish for the child behind the door that, to this day, she sickens at the smell of chocolate pop.

She remembered, too, the "mystery of the vanishing rings."

Mildred Turner had been little more than a child herself—not quite 17—when the baby was born. She loved dressing her up. It was like dressing a doll, only more fun. Whatever you put on her, she just seemed to look cuter. Such a dainty, fussy little thing, too, as she started growing older. If she dirtied her hand, you couldn't get away with just washing it. She had to have a bath. And fresh clothes from the skin out. "Now Jujean's all clean," she'd crow. Julia Jean Mildred Frances—that's how she was baptized—and they called her Julia Jean. When teachers dropped the Jean, she'd

correct them gravely. "My mother doesn't like Julia all by herself."

Late every afternoon Mother'd bathe and dress her and send her to the corner to meet Daddy, due home from his work with a mining company. Once mother fastened a sparkly pin to her dress. "That's an amethyst," she said. "Your birthstone and mine. You can wear it today just to make Daddy laugh."

Amethyst meant nothing to Jujean, but she loved the way it glittered and kept pestering mother to let her wear it again. Nothing doing. So one day she slipped back into the house and tiptoed to the bedroom. The amethyst was gone, but two rings—sparkly and plain—lay on the dresser. Also a curly feather. She stuck the rings on her thumb, the feather in her hair and walked out like a lady to meet her daddy.

You could call it the mystery of the vanishing rings. Jujean returned, complete with Daddy and feather, and mother laughed at the plume cocked rakishly in her hair. "Rings, too," she said, sticking her thumb up. But there were no rings. Daddy ran out and raked the street from door to corner. The rings had disappeared. And Jujean got spanked.

"She doesn't rate it," said Daddy. "You gave her the pin in the first place."

"She's got to learn not to touch things that don't be



Filled a bathing suit nicely on diet of pies, cake, *everything* she liked! Counteracted with tennis, swimming, riding, hiking.



Between pictures she caught up on her painting, designed many of her own chic togs. Appeared with Va. Grey and Ann Rutherford in "Dramatic School."

In '39 studio announced Lana was new "It" girl, successor to Harlow. Right, with Lew Ayres, Tom Brown, Ann Rutherford in "These Glamour Girls."



Although her salary was sky-rocketing in '40, she economically washed her stockings, wove them into rag rugs when they wore out. Below, with John Shelton in "We Who Are Young."



long to her. Her hands are always into everything."

After the first shock, Jujean took it philosophically. Mother loved her very much. This was a fact more firmly established than that night follows day. So if Mother spanked her, she must have been very bad—and that was that.

Julia Jean had been six when they left Wallace for San Francisco. "They call it the city of the Golden Gate," Daddy told her. For weeks she dreamed about the Golden Gate—sparkly and beautiful and towering to the sky, with spikes sticking up, and a pearl at the end of each spike, like the pearls in mother's necklace. But when they got there—

"Where's the Golden Gate, Daddy?"

"There it is, honey. They call it that because it's wide and deep and has room for lots of ships to come in."

"But it's only water!" She burst into tears and refused to be comforted. Life had handed Julia Jean her first lemon.

Daddy found work in San Francisco. But the Turners thought it too big and confusing a place for a child used to the freedom of a small town. So Mother and Julia Jean went to Stockton where her godmother lived and, as children will, Julia Jean accepted the new pattern of her days—with (Continued on page 37)



Lana, 20, was reportedly engaged to local attorney Greg Bautzer (left) when she suddenly eloped with Artie Shaw, 30, in 1940.



1941. "Ziegfeld Girl" with J. Cooper. Of all fans, oddest was sailor who wrote once a year describing all he'd seen; never requested reply!



She and Artie met on set of "Dancing Co-Ed," married several months later. After four and a half months with temperamental Artie in his Beverly Hills home, Lana sued for divorce.

Lana Turner continued



There followed a roster of suitors. One-time head man was Vic Mature, with whom she did a brother-and-sister act, wearing twin play clothes, swim suits, piling up publicity notices.



Mad for dogs of all shapes and breeds, Lana had a kennel of six pups, ranging from Great Danes to Pekingese. Also collected elephants—miniature! In '42, really "arrived" playing opposite Gable in "Somewhere I'll Find You."



In 1941, it looked like the real thing with Tony Martin, and people predicted a merger. But unpredictable Lana changed her mind about him, too!

Daddy coming for week-ends, with Mother at the beauty shop and herself at the convent school.

She hadn't liked the idea of school at all. But by now she'd found out that certain things happened, no matter how much you kicked and screamed, so she'd pretty well given up that routine. And after a while, she decided it wasn't so bad. Mother took her to school in the morning and met her for lunch. And the blue uniforms with their little white collars were so pretty. And she grew to love the nuns. In fact, before she got through, she loved everything about the convent except homework.

They'd been living in Stockton for two years when suddenly all the bad things came at once. Julia Jean caught scarlet fever and had to be taken to the hospital for contagious diseases. She'd never been away from her mother at night. Being away from your mother at night was awful. The hospital was fenced with iron palings. Every day mother'd come out to stand by the fence and wave, and her mouth would shape the words, "I love you." But Julia Jean wanted her close. Every day she'd leave a dish of orange sherbet at the office. (Continued on page 77)



At recent Lorraine Day shindig, Reagans copped prize for insane pillow dance: giant, inky spider. Invitation worn at snagged nylons, shredded hems. (Spectocled one is Hollywood agent.)



At Eureko, Moon's constant beef was, "I com my head off for o B. That featherbrained lug (Rannie) never turns ta pg. 2 and gets o C+." Profs would kid, "Why waste our time keeping him here 5 yrs."

"Kid doys" to Dutch (Ronnie) Reagan and Moon recoll fallowing drowing-roam scene: Pap at one end of table hunched over evening paper. Dutch, Moon and Mom at ather end with funnies, stifling giggles. On table: Popperful of corn, basket of apples, solted crockers.





He was in studio newsroom when wire ticked out horrors of Pearl Harbor. Phoned Ronnie, "Get your gun. We're in!" After 6 years in the Cavalry Reserve, Ronnie entered Army as 2nd lieutenant.



Ronnie says Jane flies thru house like high wind, spit-'n'-polishing it. Founded WIVES to help career women during servant shortage. (Jane's next pic, "One More Tomorrow.")

The Reagan Boys

By Kirtley Baskette

Ronnie and Moon swipe each other's suits, steal each other's thunder, go into an Irish tangle at the drop of a word. And yet . . .

Back in the 1930's, Midwest football fans used to tune in on a regular radio puzzler every Saturday afternoon. One second they'd hear a snappy sports announcer sign off the Notre Dame-Minnesota game in South Bend, Indiana—and the next second the same excited voice would crackle: "Now, folks, here we are at Ames, Iowa, for the Iowa State-Nebraska game—and what a battle royal this will be! The Cornhuskers are trotting on the field . . . they're lining up . . . the referee tosses the coin . . . there goes the whistle! . . ."

What stumped the radio fans was how this sports announcer guy, Dutch Reagan, could skip across a couple of states in a couple of seconds!

They didn't know Dutch Reagan had a brother, Moon, who was so close to this bud that he talked exactly like him.

That was back when Dutch and Moon Reagan craved to be a couple of Ted Husings. Since then, Dutch has

made his more refined name, Ronald, famous as a movie star, and now as Captain Ronald Reagan of the U. S. Army. And Moon, whose Mom calls him Neil, has done all right, too, as a Hollywood radio executive. But the Reagan brothers, Moon and Dutch, are still as close as two peas in a pod—and at the same time as different as day and night.

Moon still talks exactly like Ronnie, and he has those same laugh-wrinkled Reagan eyes that you can spot a mile off. They wear each other's suits and steal each other's underwear, because they weigh exactly the same and measure alike, even down to shoe sizes. Moon and Dutch live a couple of blocks apart on the same street, roam in and out of each other's houses and raid one another's Victory Gardens. They get together on all holidays and every Saturday night. They huddle with each other on every business move and kibitz on family affairs. But Moon is a (Continued on page 70)

Journey for Jean Pierre

One day in a café in Morocco, his friends will wonder why he wastes his short leaves standing alone at a bar instead of dancing.



Every morning during their N. Y. stay, Pierre ordered sumptuous breakfast, awakened Maria with steaming tray. He's heir to fortune of family owning world-wide Grand Maison de Blanc shops.

By Cynthia Miller

It was a crisp September night in New York. A taxi slithered to a halt in front of the Sherry Netherlands hotel, and a tall blond young man got out. He dashed into the hotel and strode toward the elevators.

"Just a minute, Mr. Aumont," said the desk clerk. "There's a letter for you."

"A letter?" Jean Pierre looked puzzled. "You have the night mail deliveries in America then?"

"This didn't come by mail," the clerk explained.

Jean Pierre took it and started again toward the elevator. But as he recognized the handwriting on the envelope, he came to an abrupt halt. That was Maria's writing! He had left his bride alone in their suite two hours before. Something must have happened! An accident—the hospital! Visions of Maria, pale and near death on a hospital bed floated madly through his mind. His heart pounded uncomfortably in his chest. Quickly he tore the letter open. . . .

"Jean Pierre, my darling," it said. "This is the first evening since our marriage that (Continued on page 93)



Pierre's sailing was postponed two weeks while he had necessary in-
aculations. Expected to land in North Africa as liaison officer.
Maria begged to be sent there over holidays, so she could see him.



Out of "Cross of Lorraine" uniform into Fighting French gear. Studied English for two years, learned American ditties from buddies in cast.



When an astrologer once told Maria her cast name in a certain film was unlucky, she raised heaven and earth to change it! Lonesome, she's burying herself in work on "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves."



Dreams of a past-war life together include a co-starring play on the Paris stage. Already Maria's boning up on her French grammar and diction, for a solid hour each night before she turns out her light.

Modern Screen goes



During day between scenes of "A Guy Named Joe," Van plotted evening's program. Was late getting out of work, hustled straight home to start dressing.



Dries off after shower by racing around house half-garbed. Calls all his gals "Stupid," prefers 'em in black, sweaters, with long hairdos. Nixes daadads.



Van often finds himself competing with Hope or Benny for radio-fan Gloria's attention. Goes for her unconscious stock phrase "how perfectly wonderful!"



Always gets jittery dressing for date. Permanently scarred by one never-explained stand-up. Takes full hour, spends long moments in scented bubble bath.

on a date

Along with Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven—from Saturday night primping to their front porch good night!



Dresses in half hour, funnies included. Adores Lili Abner, can't understand why he scorns Doisy Mae. Reading list also includes best sellers, movie mags.



Collects cashmere sweaters, keeps most of his togs at Keenon Wynn's where he practically lives. At first hole, socks go to charity; he can't mend!



Gloria sets her hair nightly, has weekly shampoo. A one-time nail-biter, she stopped when studio stormed. Now prides herself on manicures, does own pedicuring.



Strictly feminine, she bans flat heels except with slacks, always wears gloves. Saves wolf jacket from Pop for special dates, such as one with Van tonight.



First thing he asked for when he come to offer outo smosh-up was gum. Pol Evie Wynn smiles new supplies out of drugstore clerks, turns toke over to Von!



Inexhaustible on phone, once chatted 1 hr. 20 mins. Mom imposes no blue laws, but daughter wisely stays in while working in "Two Sisters and a Sailor."



Since both are always hungry, first stop was dinner. Conversation centered about work, chops, chicken, steak. Chums claim they once lingered 15 mins. over subject of spaghetti!



Later dropped in on Keenan Wynn's where Von gave baby, Neddy-Poo, a record album. Often sits in on Ned's music hour, warbles along with "Mother Goose" records.



Up from 160 to 200 since accident, Van can't understand why he gains on one meal a day. Overlooks Henry VIII-ish portions, incessant nibbles and Pepsis!



Gloria kept him waiting 15 mins. Hep to women's ways, Van never raised a brow, philosophically hauled out a book. Promises to bring writing kit next time!



Host Keenan was entertaining at Canteen, didn't get home till guests were leaving. Mid-evening, kids sat around fireplace and told ghost stories in dork room. Later Van gave rumba lesson.



Constantly josh each other, have such a picnic they hate to say good-by. Von's specialty: a devastating imitation of Gloria's hip-swaying walk and continual running fingers thru hair!

FERDINAND THE

You know the type—big, shy, quiet. Holds a tennis racket more tenderly than a girl. That's Jim Brown.

Jim Brown is a contradictory guy. He made his first hit as the love-'em-and-leave-'em Tex of "Air Force," and played it as if he'd been playing Tex all his life. The only similarity is coincidental. He is from Texas.

Till he met the one he wanted to marry, girls scared him. He was too bashful to kiss them. Every time he found himself dressing for a date, he'd wonder what the heck he'd made it for. He got good and sick of the funny little smile in a girl's eyes as he bade her a kissless goodnight. He got good and sick of being told, "You're the sweetest guy, Lefty."

"And the damndest fool," he'd mutter, striding off into the night.

What did he want to bother with girls for anyway? More fun taking a show in with a fellow, (Continued on page 110)



Jim bocked car to Verna's window, chucked things in back seat, carted them to his apt. on eve of morriage. Slept in car. Next A.M. friends found him on porch begging coffee 'n razor.



Beverly Jean, unawed by Dad's 10 tennis titles, gnaws loving cups. Verna still rides Jim on drowsing in cor after wedding while she drove home. Next day, went on 3-wk. location trip.



House has more sun and plant life than a tropical greenhouse. Verna likes it that way; also likes whipping up clothes. "Everything but the shoes," says Jim who's ot Par. for "Our Heorts" Were Young and Gay."

"WOLF"





"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

They're knee-deep in dilemmas. And suddenly a miracle whirls Bracken and lovely, crazy Betty up into the clouds.

STORY When the miracle happened over at Morgan's Creek, the editor of the local paper called the Governor while half a thousand people kept shuffling through the dim, quiet street outside his window and more kept pouring in every hour, every half hour, every minute. It was the biggest thing that ever happened in Morgan's Creek.

"Morgan's Creek," the Governor yelled over the phone, "are you sure that's in my state?"

"Of course, it's in your state," the editor said. "I voted for you, didn't I?"

"Let's skip politics," the Governor said. "This is absolutely sensational."

"Colossal," the editor said.

"Terrific!"

"Unparalleled!"

"All right," the Governor said, "give me the whole story now. I want it right from the beginning."

"Well," said the editor, "there's this girl in our town. Trudy Kockenlocker—" *(Continued on page 81)*

PRODUCTION One of the few location sites used in these days of gas rationing was "Morgan's Creek," a movie town set up on the Paramount Ranch 35 miles from Hollywood. Director-Writer Preston Sturges went scouting for proper backgrounds before the picture started, discovered a cowboy main street at right angles to a residential section left over from "Tom Sawyer." With a few buildings moved over from another part of the ranch, he had a completely furnished town, and the new materials cost him less than \$2,000 for the entire production!

Next problem was transporting all the workers to and from the spot. "Busses" was the only possible answer, so a system was set up. First bus left from Paramount's front door at 6:30 loaded with the technical crew, camera helpers, prop men, painters and carpenters. They were to go first and get the day's set ready for work. At 7:00 every morning, the staff bus pulled away from the studio filled with Mr. Sturges, the head camera man, script *(Continued on page 116)*



1. Trudy (Betty Hutton) ditches her patient and dependable suitor, Narval Jones (Eddie Bracken), for servicemen's farewell dance after Pop Kockenlocker (William Demarest) forbids her going to it.



2. Trudy chugs off in Narval's car, promises to meet him later at theater. At dance, slips, falls on head. Dazed, she goes along with mob when one G. I. suggests they all get married. They use aliases.



3. Trudy, foggy about the night before, jounces up to theater lobby at 8 A.M. next morning, finds Norval asleep in corner. Officer Kockenlocker is ready to pound him to pulp when he drives Trudy home.



4. Suddenly things come clear. Trudy wails out she's married. Little later she finds she's mother-to-be. Since it's impossible to find husband, she and Sis (Diana Lynn) plan to get Norval to propose.



5. Norval does propose, but Trudy, touched by the guy's sweetness and his sincerity, moans, between sobs, "I just can't do this to you,"—and out comes the story. Pop storms out to see what's wrong.



6. Kockenlocker forces marriage, because of gossip in town. To avoid bigamy, Norval tries ruse, fails. Enraged justice of peace calls out police, F.B.I. Trudy pulls light switch, escapes with Norval.



7. After they're nabbed for speeding, Pop learns truth, claims Norval as his prisoner, plans another escape. Together they lift \$900 from bank where Norval worked, stuff \$900 in War Bonds in vault.



8. The mounting dilemma is cleared up by near-miracle. As Morgan Creek settles down again to normal humdrum, another miracle is wrought—and Trudy and Norval are caught up in whirl of happiness.



Even though Judy rode in a jeep in all the 16 cities visited on tour, she never got her fill! Would like nothing better than owning one herself. Above, with Betty Hutton, Greer Garson, Mickey Rooney and Lucille Ball.



Crowds flooded Los Angeles station to see troupe off. By tour's end they had been gaped at by over 7 million fans—even on extra-curricular sightseeing tours! War Finance Com. head came to say goodbye to Judy, Kyser, Ball.



Gang jashed all the way across the country, with Horpo Morx and Mickey Rooney the ring-leaders. One day Horpa surprised Judy and Doris Merrick at their dinner by appearing in waiter's garb, serving ice-cold coffee!

Judy Cried

It was fun and grinding work. It was headaches and thrills and comradeship and laughter and a few tears. It was nerve-racking and heart-lifting. It was the Hollywood Bond Cavalcade, and Judy wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Its meaning was summed up in the words of a soldier. When they played San Francisco, two rows down front were reserved for a group of young servicemen back from North Africa, all decorated for conspicuous bravery in action beyond the line of duty. Jimmy Cagney departed from the regular program to pay them tribute. Each performer saluted them as he came out. After the show, the boys went backstage.

"I'd like to thank you for myself and my buddies," one of them said to Judy. "It's a great job you're doing."

"That's hard to take, coming from someone like you. You've really done a job."

"This is just as important, and don't you forget



Tour formally opened with broadcast from White House in Wash., D.C. Admission to rallies was a \$25 War Bond, offered buyers elaborately with 25 headliners, including Fred Astaire, Judy and Poul Hen-

Her Heart Out!

By Jeanne Karr

All those wonderful guys with the young, eager faces, bound for heaven knows where—no wonder Garland's songs were tear-splashed!

it. I hope people are buying 'em fast, because brother, how we need that stuff!"

Judy wished the whole country could have heard the simple fervor of those words. BUY BONDS! cry the billboards. BUY BONDS! cry the radio voices. But this was different. He'd been there. He was going back. He knew. Brother, how we need that stuff! It made you feel that buying bonds was like putting more shells in his gun, so he could shoot instead of being shot—like sending an airplane to cover him, so he could come back and live, not stay there and die. It was like an urgent, personal SOS, and you could either answer it or turn your back. Brother, was she glad she'd come on this trip!

The Hollywood Victory Committee had hesitated about including her. She'd returned from a five weeks' camp tour just before the Cavalcade started out. Was she too tired to go along? they asked. To Judy that (Continued on page 102)

During part of tour, Judy was deathly ill, keeled over twice in two weeks but refused to quit. A devoted fan of Greer Garson, she hesitated to ask for her autograph at beginning; was fast friend by end of trek!



tour, Van Johnson was rumored to be leading man in her life as well as her film, "Meet Me in St. Louis." Now her linked with Fred de Cordova, War. exec., and Vaughn Paul.



A Guy Named Joe

**Joe Cotten's got large and gusty appetites . . .
likes people in droves, clothes in stacks, books
piled to the ceiling and gags by the earload.**



The day Joe turned up at M-G-M for "Gaslight," gateman yelled, "Hey, you can't park here. This lot's for talent." (That's Mrs. Cotten above.)



In N. Y. years ago, when Joe was green as spinach, great Belasco signed him for life but died week later. (At Players with Mrs. Jack Lighter.)

On the set of "Gaslight" the other day, someone asked Joseph Cotten what he thought about Ingrid Bergman.

"She's a girl who doesn't look or act like anyone else in Hollywood," promptly replied Joe. "And she's not a bit worried about it!"

Joe Cotten might well have been talking about himself. Like Ingrid, he's one of the greatest naturals to hit Hollywood in years.

I doubt if any star in Hollywood is getting as big a bang out of being a movie star as Joseph Cotten. He's busier than a brace of bird dogs, starting one picture before another is finished, running his Sunday radio show, hopping here and there for OWI broadcasts, OPA broadcasts, service benefits, bond rallies and what have you. He just wound up Orson (Continued on page 88)



Says 1st person to call him movie actor was pal Welles. Joe agreed, but after glimpse of 1st screen test felt "like Sunday morning with a hangover." Like Bergman, he's never been typed. Plays everything from hero to villain.





Ronald O'Connor

IT COMES UP LOVE!

It all began when the Ford-Ford got a flat in China-town. After that, it was a heady whirl of stuffed pandas,

Kwazy Wabbitt and puddle-jumpers for Don and Gwen!

By Nancy Winslow Squire

Any stage on which Donald O'Connor now works is strictly a love set. He doesn't exactly glow, but one gets that general impression. When the luncheon hour approaches, his eyes have a way of measuring—not the fastest distance to the commissary, as used to be the case—but the most likely prospect loitering in the vicinity. The prospect should have an open, honest face and an extra gas coupon.

First, Don locates the director and finds out what his afternoon schedule is. Usually he is booked tighter than a model's bathing suit. Then he approaches the character with the open, honest face and says, "Going into town this afternoon about two-thirty, huh?"

If the prospect says, "Could be," Don counters quickly, "If I gave you a gas ticket, would you mind going down to Los Angeles High School and getting my girl? She's coming out to the set this afternoon . . . if I can arrange transportation."

The deal closed, Don charges toward the commissary looking like the first fruits of the dimout repeal. Gwennie will be there all afternoon, oh happy, happy stuff.

Would you like to know, confidentially, how to fall in love in the O'Connor manner? Well, first of all you should know a good many people, as Mr. O'Connor does. You should have met them in practically every town in the United States. And you should remember them, no matter where nor how you happened to meet them—as Hepcat O'Connor does.

To begin at the beginning: the O'Connor act once worked on the same bill with The Duffins, Matthew and Joyce, dancing (Continued on page 97)



When asked how many times he's been in love, Don answers "too many." He and Gwen Carter are Hollywood's youngest engaged couple!



Years' experience with circus made Don a hep singer, dancer, acrobat, trapeze aerialist, comedian, song and skit writer. Favorite stunt's lying down! He's now performing in "This is the Life" with Dick Nichols.



Hedy Hamant

Alan Ladd carried in his billfold a photostatic copy of the papers which state that Corporal Alan W. Ladd has been honorably discharged from the Army of the United States. Of all the documents Alan has signed, that is probably the only one to which he was totally, absolutely, heartachingly unwilling to append his signature.

Mustered out at the same time Laddie was, were three buddies from his outfit. One from the Aleutians and two from Guadalcanal. At Alan's invitation the trio went home with the Ladds that first non-Army night the men had known for many, many months. They were rather quiet, after the manner of those who have a great deal on their minds.

After dinner they sat around and had a session . . . just as they had grown accustomed to doing in the Army. The focal point in the Ladd household was the fireplace, whereas it had formerly been the iron bed of some hospitable PFC.

Instead of a crap game in the corner to furnish background barracks music, the radio played softly.

"Tomorrow morning," said one of the men without particular enthusiasm, "I'm going to sleep until noon. No reveille, boy! Isn't that something?" Then he glanced at Sue Ladd. "That is," he added, "if I won't be in your way in the den."

(Because the Ladd house is small and compact, the three guests had been allotted to the three lounges. They tossed coins for location. One drew the lounge before the living room fireplace; one drew the sitting room lounge, and the third won the lounge in the den . . . practically a private palace to the soldier who had spent a year in barracks with numerous and sundry other characters in khaki.)

The second guest spoke up: "When I get into civilian clothes, ya know what I'm going to do? I'm going to look up the biggest, brawniest M.P. I can find, and I'm going to follow him for five city blocks, whistling."

"As for me," said the third guest, "I'm going to buy myself a tweed sport jacket that will make Bing Crosby's wildest wardrobe item look more colorless than rain on a slate roof. Sox—Argyle plaid! Ties—nothing with a design smaller than a G.I. soup kettle!" He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and squinted (Continued on page 114)

Laddie Comes Home

There should be a wonderful, aching happiness in coming home. And yet, how could there be?



Laddie's puttin' that pistol down for doctor's role in "And Now Tomorrow." Studio gave him three mos. to recover, but Sue's home cooking is bringing him around quickly.



Betty Grable
Harry James

GOOD NEWS

*Rice and old shoes for Susan Peters and
Dick Quine, a blue layette for the Holdens!*

As this month's GOOD NEWS goes to press, Hollywood is still talking about the following things:

The marriage of Susan Peters to Richard Quine.

The birth of a son, Peter, to Lt. and Mrs. William Holden (Brenda Marshall).

The return to Hollywood of Captain Clark Gable, and the fact that he has been sending roses to Virginia Bruce, thereby running competition to the Coast Guard in the person of Cesar Romero.

A rumor also gained ground in the land of romance that CUPID IS STUPID, to wit:

Hollywood's Little Poker Face, Deanna Durbin, announced that she and Lt. Vaughn Paul had separated and that she would eventually seek a divorce. When Deanna was planning her wedding, she refused to discuss the details with any but her intimate friends and members of her family, explaining that marriage was a sacred rite and not a topic to be tossed lightly from tongue to tongue. That she views divorce with the same fastidiousness is indicated by her current silence. She has made no public comment aside

from her original terse announcement of her intentions.

By the time you read this, it is to be hoped that Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones will have reconciled. After all, they have two adorable small sons, and their careers have developed simultaneously after a good many years of cheerfully shared struggle. As a team they have more common interests than either could ever hope to perfect with a new marital partner. The thing that caused the trouble in the first place was a combination of malicious gossip and a headstrong man's refusal to realize how easily an innocent action could be misunderstood.

Both Bob and Jennifer are currently working in "Since You Went Away," the Claudette Colbert starring picture. Most of their scenes tell the story of ripening love between a boy and a girl. You might keep your fingers crossed in the hope that the cinematic romance rekindles the love between two of the nicest and most talented human beings in Hollywood.

Lieutenant C. J. Holt (formerly known to his friends as "Tim") is again maritally free lance. (Continued on page 62)

After being squired to Macambo and other plush spots by Errol several weeks running, studios dangled screen test before Nara Eddington's nose. Errol, whose latest interest is art collecting, is being named in same breath with Daris Duke Cramwell.





Sonja Lennie



HILDA'S RING—
the diamond is set in a
hand-wrought design
on a slim gold band

**SHE'S
ENGAGED !**

**SHE'S
LOVELY !**

ALL KINDS OF WAR JOBS are waiting to be filled—in transportation, stores, war plants, restaurants. Check Help Wanted ads—then consult your local U. S. Employment Service

A DORABLY PRETTY.

Hilda Holder is another charming Pond's engaged girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families . . .

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found my job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed outlandish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though.

"I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain-sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

Hilda beauty cleans her face with Pond's like this: *She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly*

to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. *She "rinses"* with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely" she says, "so extra clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a big, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!



HILDA'S EXQUISITE COMPLEXION has that appealing baby-clear look every girl wants. "Pond's Cold Cream is the only beauty care I use," she says. "I keep a big jar in my locker at the plant—and a big jar at home."



ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! It's more patriotic to buy large sizes, saves glass and manpower. (You may see different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is the same lovely quality!)

**SHE
USES
POND'S !**



Anne Baxter, just turned 20, had date to meet Richard Derr in Mexico City Xmas Day but denied engagement to him before that and started daing rounds with Bill Eythe, bearded far role in "Eve of St. Mark."



Betty Hutton, last day on Tucson location, lost \$1200 diamond in bath. When hotel guest complained of gurgling drain, management found ring, phoned Betty who hadn't missed it. (Here with Arturo de Cordova.)



Alice was as breathless and jittery through Phil Harris's opening at new Slapsy Maxie's as if it were his first try-out. Reviews next A. M. raved. Alice is shopping again in toddlers' depts. Young'un due April.

GOOD NEWS

Continued

Some time ago he and Mrs. Holt reconciled, went to Victorville to live (at which point Lt. Holt was stationed), then decided that their second guess was still wrong.

Tim is now stationed at El Centro, California, in the capacity of an instructor of aerial bombardment.

Trip Quips:

Doris Harris, Betty Hutton's pretty hairdresser, was crossing a Paramount street when she was hailed by Bob Hope. "When I was in Sicily," Bob explained, "I was buttonholed by a handsome, red-headed sailor named Freddie. He asked me if I knew you and I said sure. So he told me to tell you hello."

This minor incident, repeated in kind a thousand times out of his seemingly bottomless memory, indicates one excellent reason why Bob Hope—back from his battlefield journey—is probably the most popular man on earth today.

* * *

It happened while Ray Milland was in New York, staying in a Tower apartment of a very famous hotel. One morning he was having late coffee and early conversation with a friend. He was attired solely in the trousers of his pajamas. His hair hadn't been combed, he wasn't shaved, and he was sitting in a relaxed attitude on the final inch of his spine, long legs extended comfortably to rest on the back of a chair.

When someone knocked, he assumed that a member of his family or a friend who had a suite on the same floor was joining him for coffee. "Come in," he called.

In trooped about 15 wide-eyed fans, complete with autograph books and worshipful expressions, only to find the most astounded celebrity ever to blush scarlet and offer an apology. Your reporter would like to tell you how the fans managed to gain entrance to the carefully guarded suite of Mr. Milland, but that would be suicidal. I have to go on living in Hollywood.

* * *

If you saw "Behind the Rising Sun," you became acquainted all over again with Margo, one of the most fabulous and exciting personalities in or out of Hollywood.

Recently she was sent by RKO on a combination personal appearance and bond-selling trip. At one theater she was booked to deliver a stirring bond-rally speech just after the riotous musical act of a South American orchestra. This band was composed of very small men, all about five feet high. They wore enormous, multi-colored hats, gaucho suits with serapes, and they played quaint instruments varying from a knee-high marimba to native stringed instruments. Margo towered above them like a redwood in a mushroom garden.

She watched rehearsal, then said to the manager, "You can't ask me to follow them on the program. After all that color and harmony, I would be a frightful flop."

"You'll have to explain it to the band," the manager said with a shrug. "They speak only Spanish."

Margo is very deft with her usteads, so she explained that it was best for her to make a little talk just before the musical act. They wanted to know when they should make their entrance. "When everyone claps"—and she showed them the hand signal for applause—"then you come out and play."

She had forgotten that, during her speech, there were several telling phrases dealing with the war effort and Americanism, which would appeal to her listeners. The first time the audience broke into applause, Margo heard the patter of little feet and the scraping of little instruments.

In horrified Spanish she tried to tell them, "Not yet; not yet." It was no use. When the clapping occurred, they had been told to play. And play they did.

* * *

A tall captain, wearing the insignia of the Adjutant General's Department, rushed out to meet the plane on which the Jack Benny troupe had just arrived in Persia. He was Captain Gordon Jones, a contract player for RKO before he went into the Army.

While he was exchanging rapid-fire conversation with Jack Benny, Captain Jones was handed a letter that had just arrived by air from Hollywood. It had been written by Jerry Asher of Warner Brothers, a close (Continued on page 64)

Serve your Country in the "war job with a future"...

Free Training... with pay... in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

You're a lucky girl if you can qualify; lucky in so many ways...

★ There's the chance to make your future happy and secure... to receive a free education as a professional nurse.

★ Then there's the money side... your tuition and fees all free... your room and board paid for... *a regular allowance of \$15 to at least \$30 a month.*

★ And all the time you know you're playing an important part in the war. Even while you're in training, you will be helping to release other nurses for essential service. *65,000 new student nurses are urgently needed this year.*

★ Your uniforms are free, too. Not only your school uniform; but the stunning new uniforms of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps (for optional outdoor wear).

A WAR JOB WITH A FUTURE...

After graduation, you can become an Army or Navy Nurse, a nurse in Public Health or Government service here or abroad. You may specialize in child health or x-ray or in many other fields.

And don't think you're closing the door on romance. There will be time for dates of an evening, and occasional weekends off duty. In many schools, you can marry and continue in training.

CAN YOU QUALIFY? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet... and list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school. *Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.

Join the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

A great emergency creates a great opportunity
ACT TODAY! Mail the coupon for FREE booklet



giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps... and a list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.
Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

Age _____ High school graduate? _____ High school senior? _____
Graduation date _____ Present occupation, if any _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Richard Quine wongled 5-day leave for honeymoon, then frisked back to San Francisco station. When they applied for license, Dick dug deep in pocket, found one buck, had to borrow other dollar from Suson Peters.

GOOD NEWS

Continued

friend of both Captain Jones and Jack Benny. Gordon opened the letter, glanced at it, laughed and handed the letter to Jack.

It said, in part, "There isn't much chance—I don't suppose—of your running into Jack Benny, although I understand that he may entertain in the Middle East. If you should run into him, tell him that I'm writing this letter just before going over to pick up Mary Livingston. We are invited to a party at the Ray Midlands tonight."

* * *

In her forthcoming Paramount picture "Lady in The Dark" Ginger Rogers and the entire cast wear blue make-up for one of the dream sequences. Miss Rogers has threatened to don that color and wear it indefinitely on account of her marine, Jack Briggs, has gone overseas.

Notable Quotables:

Someone asked Bob Hope when he was scheduled to start work on his new picture, "The Road to Utopia."

"Not until the 14th," he said.

The rather surprised answer came back, "But I talked to Bing and he said he was starting on the 1st."

Bob nodded sagely. "I always give Bing two weeks' start on the scenes," he explained. "Then I fade him in the stretch."

The Young Idea:

Miss Pia, daughter of Ingrid Bergman, was a set visitor one day when a camera crane shot was being made. She was allowed to ride with the cameraman on the thrilling trip from first floor shot, to second story shot and back again.

After she told her mother that she knew what she wanted for Christmas: a camera crane that she could ride all day. "But darling,"



Suitor Oscar Brooks hot-footed up from Mexico to counter Steve Hannogon's advances, but Ann Sheridan was cool. Annie's gown, covered with 35,000 stones for "Shine on Harvest Moon" cost \$3000.



Bob Hope howls loudest of Conteen, spends oft moments in own dressing room phoning families of G.I.'s he met overseas. He's aching to head for Pacific comp tour.

laughed her mother, "they cost FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Several days later, Pia's nurse took her downtown to confer with a certain department store Santa Claus. When he asked Pia what she wanted to find beside her Christmas tree, she fixed him with a positive eye. "I want a camera crane," she announced with resolution, "even if it is going to cost you five thousand dollars."

Jim Brown and his wife have, in the past, frequently congratulated themselves upon their great good luck in keeping a nurse for their child. This Olympian being was everything desirable: gentle, soft-voiced, firm when necessary, and devoted. As she was 67, she didn't ask for unexpected days off—she was happy with her Sunday and Thursday. And she seemed so permanent . . . a priceless attribute in these days of wholesale conversion to Lockheed.

The other morning she gave notice. She explained, with pink cheeks, that she was resigning to become a bride.

The pretty, cultured woman said to the salesgirl in the layette department of a large department store, "Please send two of each of the items I have ordered to my home address."

The salesgirl blinked, but wrote up the order.

Her customer was Mrs. Will Price, cinematically known as Maureen O'Hara, and she is making plans for a spring addition to the family. Because twins are a regular occurrence in both the Price and O'Hara families, she is shopping on the double.

Man's Castle:

For months, Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts lived in a camp cottage. Finally, however, they found a large and comfortable house in one of the canyons about halfway between the studio and the valley—a defense plant area.

Knowing, at first-hand, of the housing shortage, the Tufts decided to make patriotic use of their two spare bedrooms with connecting bath, by taking two roomers.

There was only one difficulty: One of the paying guests was a supervisor at Lockheed so it was essential for him to have a telephone. Mr. Tufts explained his dilemma: He was working a non-essential industry, so the telephone company couldn't supply him with an Ameche.

The supervisor fixed that, so now Mr. Tufts uses his roomer's telephone when it is imperative for him to get in touch with the studio.

When Dana Andrews moved out to the valley, he was given a cow, name of Sophie, by the real estate agent who consummated the Andrews deal. Dana was gratified by such kindness, but a little depressed at thought of the work entailed by ownership of the animal. Discreet inquiry around the neighborhood, with a view to sharing or giving away the bovine, informed Mr. Andrews that Sophie had belonged in turn to everyone in the tract. He happened to be the final purchaser of property there, so it looked as if he were stuck. Six o'clock milking night and morning! The groaning arose to high heaven over the trouble caused by milk, cream and eventually butter.

But that was months ago. They do say that a glow of well-being now exudes from the Andrews home, and that envious neighbors keep chiding themselves with the acid fact that they, too, once owned Sophie.

Jack Carson and Kay St. Germain finally bought and moved into their new home, taking along the furniture from their old house.

Because the new house is much larger than the old, the Carsons began to search for furniture to fill in the lonesome corners—without much luck. Everyone in Los Angeles was furniture-hunting, too.

At one auction, Jack spied a Lazy Susan of obviously good lines, (Continued on page 108)

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT DEODORANT?
TEST IT! PUT IT
UNDER THIS ARM...

PUT FRESH, THE NEW
DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM,
UNDER THIS ARM! SEE
WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!



Use FRESH and stay fresher!

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes, quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW. DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR



Cold Weather

Here's what you've been waiting for . . .

Hollywood's pet tricks for winter beauty!



Jinx applies face lotion on cotton pad.



She outlines lips with a brush.

Zing . . . and the New Year came in with a crash! After the celebration, while you're combing the confetti out of your hair, give a thought to this fact: Good grooming rules apply year in, year out, sunshine or snow flakes. Only the attack is a little different with each season. Thing to do is plan your beauty campaign as MacArthur plans his expeditions. Lay down the rules, plot your course and move forward. If chapped skin problems assail you, do a little maneuvering with creams and lotions. If a red nose annoys you, camouflage with wintertime make-up. Don't let enemy bugaboos, "frost and wintry blasts," reduce your personal charm. Follow these blueprints for good grooming that Jinx Falkenburg models so fetchingly.

plan a—The Bath

No need to convince you that a bath a day is a P.G. essential (personal grooming to you). And before you put your liddle toe in, sprinkle some sweet smelling bath salts into the water. Don't forget to bring your scrub brush and favorite toilet soap with you. Lather up some extra special soap fluff and give yourself a workout from tip to toe. When you're clean as clean, step out



A sponge helps to smooth on make-up.



Jinx adores a silky, soft face powder.

◀ Brr! Jinx enjoys a cold water rinse. Lo Folkenburg's newest is "Nine Girls."

Glamour

and give yourself a brisk drying with the towel . . . invigorating, huh?

Want to smell pretty and sweet? Then toilet water. The aroma will last the clock around, keep you dainty and fresh. Smooth a skin lotion over your freshly bathed self. And for a glamour finish to your bath routine, try a dusting of body powder or talcum.

plan b—Be Fastidious

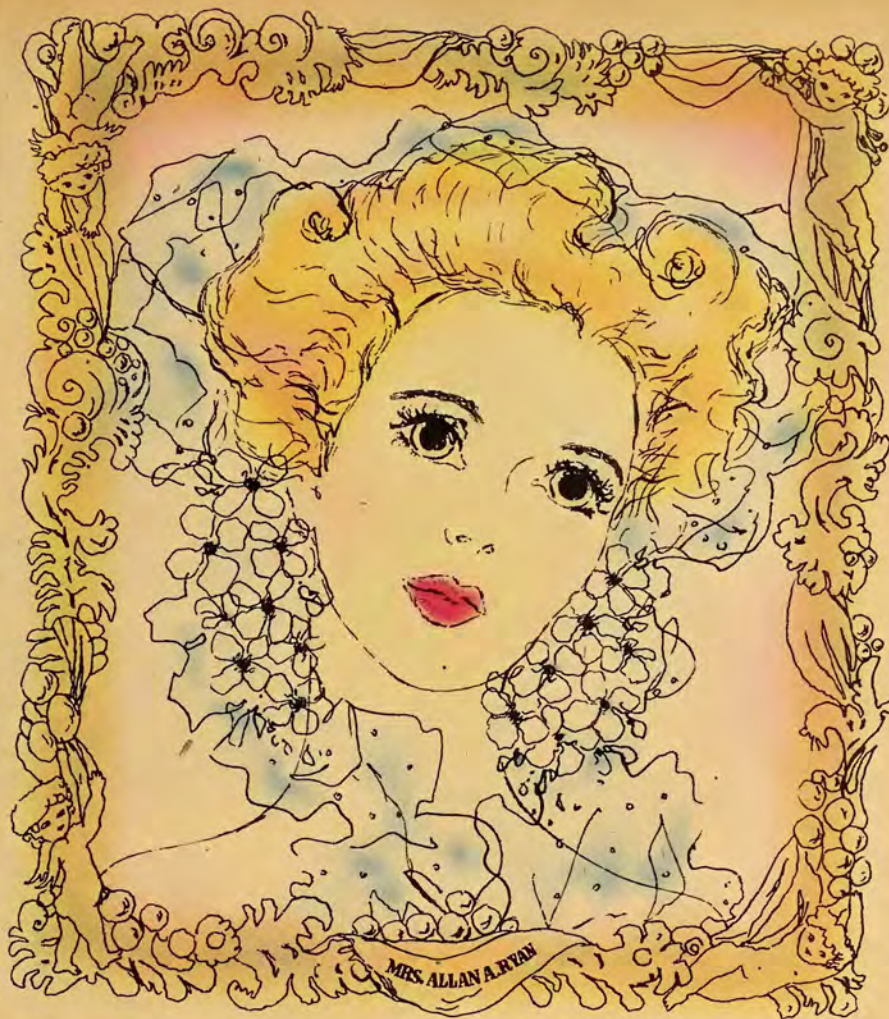
A word to the wise is sufficient, so haul out your deodorant or anti-perspirant. Use daily, if necessary. There are cream, liquid or powder forms; the choice is up to you. Point is, don't wait to use a deodorant until underarm perspiration spoils your best wool dress. We go along with the ads and assure you that anti-perspirants are also grand insurance against losing your friends and your job.

'Course you'll want your pretty pins to look sleek and neat, so defuzz your legs at least once a week. There are depilatories and handy abrasive gadgets that will do a smooth job for you. Take care, too, that your ten toes are in condition, because open-toed sandals have a way of showing you up. A weekly pedicure should do the trick.

Next, my pretty damsels, give a thought to your dainty paws. See that they're smooth and in condition. Whatever your job, kitchen, factory or office, your hands are bound to take a beating in winter weather. Follow every washing with an application of hand lotion. It's a nifty thought to carry a small bottle of the stuff in your purse. Or keep some in your locker or office drawer for use during the day. Your hands will thank you no end!

plan c—Skin Care

Be on the alert for little gremlins that make a peaches 'n' cream complexion look (Continued on page 76)



Dreamflower Beauty in "Natural"

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young society leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold . . . tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

"I have never found a powder shade that made my skin look as smooth and fresh as Dreamflower 'Natural,'" Mrs. Ryan says. "The color is really lovely—fragile shell-pink with an unusually flattering touch of cream. And Pond's new Dreamflower texture is just as soft and smooth as it sounds!"

Pond's "LIPS"

Your Pond's "Lips" stay on longer! In 5 wonderful, wearable shades. Very pretty case—49¢, 10¢



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Your Dreamflower complexion awaits you in this beguiling be-flowered powder box—49¢, 25¢, 10¢. Choose from 6 sweet-and-misty Pond's shades



By Carol Carter

HOW'S YOUR BEAUTY RATING?

Judy Garland of "Girl Crazy" rates tops in "good looks!"

SPARKLE and glow, my chickadees, if you'd be the belle of 1944. Though your features be plain and your moniker "Jane," you can still dazzle the lads on furlough if you make the most of what you have. That involves a few beauty fixin' tricks that can easily be slipped into your daily itinerary. For, my friends, as you sow, so shall you reap. As you tend to good grooming, so shall charm be your reward. With these words of beauty wisdom, comes a personal grooming questionnaire. We know the answers, but do you? Fill in the missing words and check on your batting average in the glamour field. If you rate 100% (the answers are on page 102), that's a home run, and you're good. If you have 15 runs and 5 errors, you're still pretty good. Any score below that, however, means the "bench" for you, sis. Come on, let's go!

1. Singing in the . . . is allowed in the best society if you do it at least once a day.

2. For that heavenly-all-over feeling, sprinkle your favorite sweet smelling . . . into a tub of warm water and jump in.

3. With a pure, rich . . . work up some de luxe suds. Use a long-handled brush to get at the hard-to-reach places on your pink-and-white self.

4. After drying yourself thoroughly with a large bath towel, douse yourself with . . . or toilet water for an oh-so-elegant effect. You can have an angelic feeling of walking on clouds, by patting yourself generously with bath powder or talcum.

5. Use a cream, liquid or powder . . . daily, if you don't want to be a wallflower. And who does?

6. A smooth, quick way to defuzz your pins is to use one of the handy abrasive gadgets or a . . .

7. If Jack Frost plays havoc with your skin, making you look like somebody's stepchild, slather on lots of rich, luscious . . . before retiring.

8. A weekly sudsing with your pet . . . lends luster, sheen and sparkle to your topknot.

9. Crosby is to crooning what a daily hundred strokes with a . . . is to your halo.

10. Smooth hands are lovely to hold (an idea, anyway) so haul out your . . . and use after every hand washing.

11. A beauty tip for your fingertips! If your . . . chips, renew it or take it off completely.

12. Blouses and skirts that part at the waist are very . . . fetching.

(Continued on page 102)



HOW MANY SHOES MAKE A VICTORY?

HOW far would you expect our soldiers to advance—on the bitter, rocky hills of Italy, for instance—with the soles out of their shoes? How much would you expect from an army in rags?

Forgetting for a moment the tanks, planes, bullets and bayonets we must send to our men, think of just this one item: **SHOES**. The millions of pairs of shoes our men must have over and over again. In taking Attu we read that jackets, gloves, boots, sleeping bags—"brand new Tuesday, were worn out and discarded by Saturday." That's what war does. Those are just some of the *minor* things that victories cost.

They're fighting now—in winter. If there were something you could do to make sure that that boy you know would get all the shoes, warm coats, the equipment he needs to safeguard his life—wouldn't you do it?

Somehow, because it's not direct, it's hard to realize, perhaps, that buying a War Bond right here in your home town, is going to do so much.

But think of the people in the next block, the next town, the next state—all buying a War Bond, too. Think of the money from those Bonds flowing into the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, the Marines—of the power that money will give our boys . . . **YOUR BOY!**

Your bit may seem a little bit. But it's the mighty drop in the bucket that's keeping our armies advancing—well-shod, well-fed, well cared-for. Buy that War Bond now! When victory is ours . . . when you get that letter saying "I'm on my way home!" you'll realize how much that War Bond did.

And—it's your investment in the future—earning interest. For you. And your boy.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

- 1 War Bonds cost \$18.75 for which you receive \$25 in 10 years—or \$4 for every \$3.
- 2 War Bonds are the world's safest investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
- 3 War Bonds can be made out in 1 name or 2, as co-owners.
- 4 War Bonds cannot go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
- 5 War Bonds can be cashed in, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
- 6 War Bonds begin to accrue interest after one year.

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- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?



THE REAGAN BOYS

(Continued from page 39)

Republican and Dutch is a Democrat, and Neil's a Catholic, and Ronnie's a Protestant, and Ronnie is still ambitious and serious minded, while Neil is happy-go-lucky. So they still tangle, as they always have, in some perfectly lovely scraps—over practically anything.

One Christmas in Hollywood a while back before Moon and Dutch's dad, Jack Reagan, died, he resurrected an old toy boat Ronnie had treasured as a kid. He took it over to the studio prop department and had it all fixed up and painted. Christmas Day he handed it to Ronnie. Moon was there, of course, so he strolled with Ronnie out to the swimming pool to sail the boat. Ronnie was thrilled as pie with the toy, so wickedly Moon said, "You know, Dutch, that boat's really mine. I got it for Christmas when we were kids. Hand it over."

"Why, you—!" sputtered Ronnie. "You know darn well it always was my favorite boat. Beat it!" So Moon grabbed the boat, and they tugged on it like a couple of school kids, scuffling around the pool until finally Ronnie pushed Moon in, clothes and all!

It's been that way with the Reagan boys since they can remember, according to Moon, whom I cornered in Hollywood the other day. Moon Reagan is one of those swell pink-faced Irish guys who loves to tell a funny story, especially if it's on himself. It's a shame he isn't a movie star, because he'd keep you in stitches. Moon said he gained his first respect for his Brother Ronnie when he socked him on the head with a hatchet.

That was back in Tampico, Illinois, where the Reagan boys were born. Moon was about six years old, and Ronnie was three. Moon was chopping some sticks, and he asked Ronnie to hold them. When he didn't hold them like Moon told him to, Moon bopped his baby brother on the bean, parting his hair with the hatchet.

"You know," grinned Moon, "that little monkey never even cried! He just walked in the house leaking blood like an old fountain pen—until Mom saw him!"

"Then what?" I asked.

Moon winced. "I don't like to discuss that," he grinned.

Moon Reagan admits he was a problem child, and it's a wonder that under his influence his brother Dutch ever amounted to anything at all. Moon was three years older than Ronnie, and he felt it his juvenile duty to initiate him into the mischievous mysteries of life. Ronnie, by the way, got his nickname, Dutch, because he was roly-poly from the minute he was born. His Irish dad took one look at him and said, "Gosh—he looks like a Dutchman!" To make Ronnie see red today, Moon has only to roll out his full name in a mocking tone, "Ronald Wilson Reagan."

twin terrors . . .

Moon got his monicker a little later on when he fell asleep in the barber chair one day and woke up with his head shaved. It grew out spiky and high and round, and he parted it in the middle, like the comic strip bum, Moon Mullins. So he was "Moon" from then on, and he admits the name has fitted him in more ways than one. Moon has never admired work when stacked up against fun and adventure. He proved that early in life and tried seriously to influence Brother Dutch.

The Reagans lived across a little park from the railroad depot in Tampico, Pana

and grocery store down the way. And Mama Nellie Reagan got her early gray hairs trying to fish Moon and Dutch out from playing under the freight cars. Jack Reagan made the mistake once of trying to turn this lure of the rails into a day's work for the kids. He had a shipment of potatoes in, so he entrusted Moon and Dutch, aged eight and five, to crawl inside the car and sort out the bad potatoes from the good ones. Before he knew it, Jack Reagan was fending off angry citizens streaming into his store dripping potato mould. They said his brats were barricaded behind the freight car doors heaving rotten potatoes at all passers-by.

brother rat . . .

Moon and Dutch Reagan were still small moppets when their dad took a job with Montgomery Ward, and they moved to Chicago. The Big City's adventurous temptations got Moon and his baby brother in trouble at once. First thing they did was run away from their South Side home to the nearest train tracks, the New York Central line, down around Blue Island. They hopped a beer truck on the way home, and Moon fell off and tore his leg. After that they were forbidden to leave the house. But one day Mom Reagan had to go somewhere so she locked Moon and Dutch inside.

When Mrs. Reagan came home, the house was surrounded by excited neighbors and a squad of cops. The place was reeking gas and about to explode. They broke the door down, and she rushed in terrified, expecting to find Moon and Baby Dutch stretched out cold by gas fumes. What she saw was a telltale chair and a stack of books by the door and an open transom. The kids had blown out the gas light in the hall to cover their escape and set out to see the city. The cops and neighbors finally located them, blocks away, down around Sixty-third and Cottage Grove. A tipsy gentleman had them in tow, and he was on the point of leading them into a saloon. Mrs. Reagan snatched them up right outside the swinging door—the whipping that followed is another black moment in Moon's memory.

Ronnie Reagan and Moon call Dixon, Illinois, their home town. Their dad had

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Get "chic" at all
DRUG, DEPARTMENT,
and VARIETY STORES

(Continued from page 70)

a prosperous store there, and that's where they grew up and went to high school. Everybody in Dixon knew the Reagan brothers. They were the kind of kids who got around. They lived in a big house on a bluff overlooking the North Side High School athletic field, and long before they hit high school themselves, the coach had tagged both Moon and Dutch for the football teams. When they were ready for high, Moon and Dutch split up for the first time in their lives.

Rock River runs through Dixon, dividing the town sharply in two. North of the river was "North Side," the fancy part of town. "South Side" was across the tracks—or across the river. Moon and Dutch lived on the North Side, but Moon's amiable roughneck leanings made him tag North Side H. S. as a sissy school, where the fellows actually wore coats and ties. He wanted no part of such foppy stuff, so he went to South Side, in cords and old leather jackets. There was a wild gang at South Side. The school was deliberately flooded with the fire hose a couple of times, the windows smashed, melted lead poured in keyholes, the teachers chased out of their classes, and the library scattered around almost daily. Finally the school board installed a tough guy wrecker to break up Moon's gang, and he eventually graduated in advance of Dutch, who had picked North Side H. S. because of a girl.

The girl was a certain preacher's daughter.

ter, and Ronnie Reagan had a heavy case on her all through high school and even into college. She was brown haired with freckles, a home-type beauty, and she crossed him up in the end and married an Englishman. But it was wonderful while it lasted.

Love trouble didn't keep Dutch Reagan from becoming one of Dixon's athletic heroes though. Both he and Moon burned 'em up at football. Dutch played tackle, and Moon played end. The two high schools, North and South, pooled their football material, and the Reagan brothers made the co-op team easily. Ronnie also starred at track and swimming, while Moon starred at basketball.

in the brig . . .

Ironically enough, although Moon was the town Hell-Raiser and the Bad Influence, it was Dutch who first landed in jail. That was one Fourth-of-July night. Fireworks had been banned by the local gestapo in Dixon, but Ronnie had a bunch, and when Moon egged him on, he walked clear to the edge of town and popped them off a bridge. He thought he was safe that far out, but the Law rolled up, and they hauled him down to the pokey. Paw Reagan refused to pay the fine—\$5 and costs—so Dutch had to sleep all night in the cooler.

Slip-ups like that on Ronnie's part, however, were rare. Moon admits Dutch Reagan took himself seriously under the

tender influence of a preacher's daughter's love. Ronnie always had been a little on the religious side. Both Moon and Dutch went to Protestant Sunday school as kids. Jack Reagan was a Catholic and Nellie a Protestant. When the boys grew up, they were given their choice and split up religiously. But as kids, Ronnie and Moon both attended the Protestant Sunday school every Sabbath, all slicked out in stove-pipe pants and the cutest bangs and Buster Brown collars. Then they'd go on to church.

drum-boogie . . .

There were one or two co-operative activities outside of athletics that Moon and the Dutch Reagan saw eye to eye about in those school days. One was music and the other, pocket money. Both Dutch and Moon belonged to the town band that paraded here and there on gala events. Moon booped out a doubtful bass on a B-flat tuba, and Ronnie got to be a pretty fancy drum major before they turned that activity over to girls with pretty legs.

Dutch was always thrifty, even as a kid, about making a dollar and saving it, Moon remembers. Dutch was a swell swimmer, so summers he always got the lifeguard job at the public swimming pool in Dixon, and he augmented this steady income by buying himself some canoes and renting them for 50¢ an hour at a resort up Rock River.

One fall, Dutch's rent-out canoes stayed up the river later than usual, and it turned cold suddenly. In fact, it snowed, and Dutch knew unless he got the canoes back down that night, they'd probably freeze in the river, and he'd lose all his capital. So he routed Moon out of bed, and they set out after them. It was a dangerous six-mile downstream paddle in the dark, and Moon capsized with a heavy mack-inaw and boots on, and pretty nearly drowned. After that he wondered if Dutch loved him as much as he did his canoes. Of course, he knew better.

hero-stuff . . .

Oddly enough, Dutch got to college before Moon did although Moon was two years ahead of him in high school. Moon laid out a while after he finally was eased out of South Side High (to the great relief of both the school board and his father, who was wearing out the carpet in the principal's office trying to get him back in school). Moon worked in his dad's store and took it easy, playing semi-pro baseball. He's not so sure Dutch would have gone on to college either, except that the preacher (his girl's father) was of the church denomination which ran Eureka College. She went on there, and as love was still in bloom, he did, too.

After the first semester he came back and told Moon he had to come up, too. He said he had "arranged everything" and that Moon was a cinch to make the football team and lead the life of Riley. It didn't turn out as easy as that. Both Moon and Dutch hashed and waited tables at sorority houses and their own fraternity house, Tau Kappa Epsilon, to earn their keep. And Ronnie doubled up later on as janitor at the gym. But they had plenty of time out for fun with the co-ed. (Dutch was still true-blue to his true-love, but Moon certainly wasn't) and, of course, athletics.

Ronnie already had regular tackle on the Varsity at Eureka all sewed up by the time Moon arrived. Moon played substitute end at first while the coach looked him over. That burnt him up some, but Dutch even more. He kept telling the coach what a whiz his brother Moon was.

(Continued on page 74)

You'll never see their Faces —

¶ But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess.

¶ "So soft!" "So comfortable!"
"So utterly safe!" say 8 out of 10 letters!

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

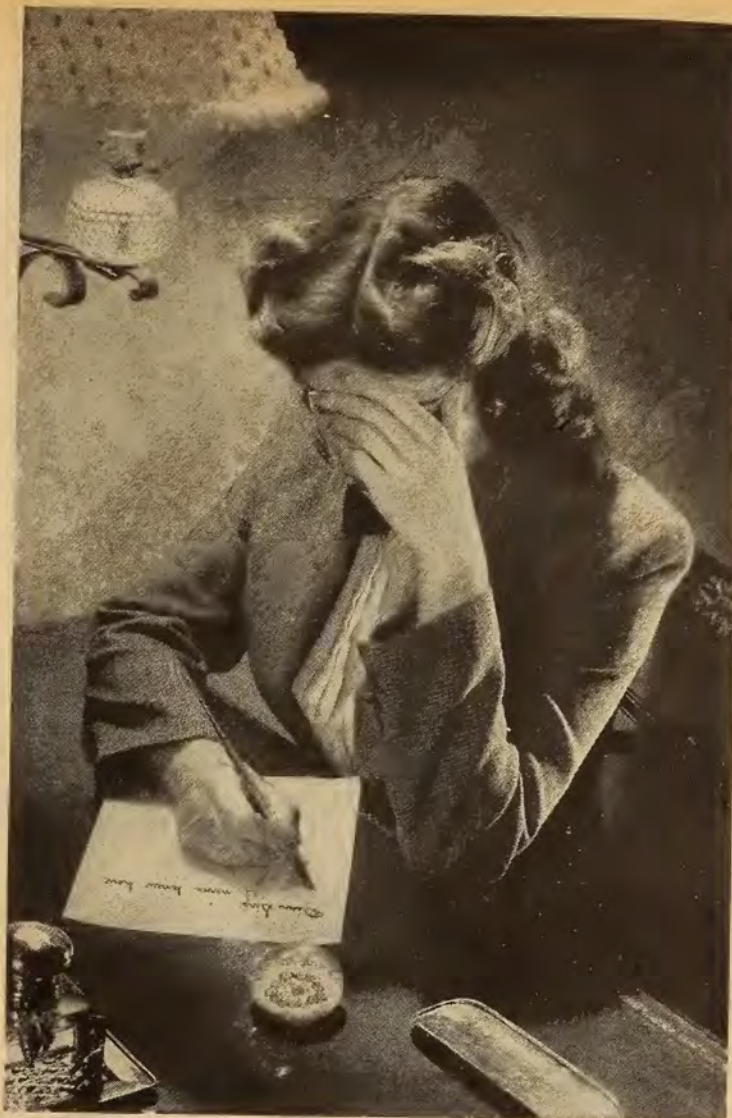
Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why . . .

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!

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One day, when the team went to Carthage College for the Big Game, Ronnie went as usual as regular tackle while Moon warmed the bench practically all of the game. As he recalls it, the bench could stand some warming, too, as it turned bitter cold, and the ground was frozen like cement. Well, the Carthage boys had Eureka on the grease to the tune of 6-0 with only three minutes to play, and the coach began to get desperate. Moon saw him looking up and down the bench, and by that time he didn't care at all about playing football, being almost frozen stiff. But the coach jerked Ronnie and sent in Moon at end, and with about a minute to play, the Eureka quarterback called a dippy-doo double cross spot pass play: Moon wasn't supposed to get the ball at all, but it bounded out of somebody's frozen fingers, lit in his, and he ran for a touchdown. Then the game ended, 7-6. Even out on the field Moon could hear Dutch yelling, "That's my brother. That's my BROTHER!" And today when Moon wants to kid Ronnie, he cracks, "That's my brother!"

The Reagan boys stayed aces around Eureka College from then on until they graduated. There were a few problems Moon can remember, and most of what Moon remembers about his college days is on the screwball side. For instance, he had a turn of teaching freshman economics and sociology, and even though he was a year behind Dutch, he wound up with Dutch as his pupil in a freshman class! Ronnie had dipped back into a freshman course to pick up some easy credits or something. Anyway, Moon remembers that it was very embarrassing for him, especially since Dutch absolutely refused to open a book all year.

Dutch wasn't much of a student. Moon, although he was on the lookout for mischief, had a deep interest in books and studies which he still has today. Ronnie is more on the extrovert side. But Ronnie's complete obsession with sports of all kinds kept him away from any collegiate vices. He took his track and football training seriously. He was a typical do-or-die college hero, making touchdowns and winning races for his lady fair.

Dutch never took a drink until his last year in college, and he never smoked then either, not counting the kid times back of the shed when Moon would get him sick with some stolen weeds. When Dutch finally took a taste of alcohol for the first time, the results were spectacular.

more than mellow...

A couple of fraternity brothers at the TKE house had lugged home a jug of wine right before the Christmas holidays, and one below-zero night they sat it out before the fireplace and started to make merry. Ronnie came in about then and decided, since it was Christmas, he might as well take a taste. But, unwise to the kick in any beverage other than his accustomed milk, he gurgled half the jug right down. In a few minutes his eyes bugged out of his head, he let out a whoop, yanked open the door and tore down the road, without a coat or anything. Being a good 440-man, Dutch Reagan really ambled through the freezing night, with Moon and his terrified fraternity brothers 'way back in the ruck.

They never did catch him. But after he ran a mile and a half at top speed, they found Dutch sitting in a snowbank with a glazed look in his eyes, unable to speak. So they carted him back to the house, slapped him right into bed, and luckily he didn't get pneumonia.

It was also in his last year at Eureka

College that Dutch Reagan showed signs of turning into a radio announcer. He'd sit before the radio at the TKE house every spare minute and mock the announcer. For fun, he'd stage fake broadcasts of imaginary events. He sounded pretty good, too. Dutch Reagan was sport happy anyway, and Moon thinks what probably made him so nutty about turning broadcaster was that he could perch free on sidelines of big college games.

Moon thoroughly approved of the idea himself. In those days, despite the fact that Dutch was a year ahead of Moon at college, he was still looking to his older bud for advice. The opposition to Dutch's big idea didn't come from Moon.

It came from home. Jack Reagan, Ronnie's dad, had already landed him a job as manager of the sporting goods department in the local Montgomery-Ward store. It was a nice break for a young kid just out of college, and Dutch's athletic knowledge would fit in handy. But he couldn't see it, not after the exciting visions that whizzed around in his brain about broadcasting big football games. So he hitch-hiked the 120 miles back to Dixon and told his Dad so. Jack Reagan was pretty sore. He said that's what all this silly football business did to kids. They didn't want to work.

So Dutch was pretty low after hitch-hiking back to Eureka. Moon bucked him up. He told Dutch the thing to do was get a job and show his old man. The place for that was Chicago where all the big radio companies had headquarters. "Go on up there," said Moon, "and hit 'em for a job. Tell 'em you're good. Tell 'em," he grinned, "I said so!"

So Ronnie sneaked away from school and made the rounds of the Chicago radio offices hunting an audition. He didn't get one, not a smell of a job, but he heard of a one-time spot, the Iowa-Minnesota game, that was open out of Davenport, Iowa. He travelled on up there, and they tried him out and told him "maybe"—to go home and wait for a call. Ronnie went back to Dixon and sat around while his dad, plenty sore, stewed and called him crazy to turn down a solid store job for a nutty chance at a radio broadcast. But finally the call to come to Davenport arrived—and also a Midwest blizzard. Trains stopped running, and Dutch couldn't get there. He almost went wild. He was in the doghouse all around—with everyone but Brother Moon.

Luckily, the blizzard melted in a couple of days, and Ronnie got his chance at the game, and then an announcer's job on station WOC in Davenport. He made good and stayed on the staff. It was the first time Moon and Dutch Reagan had ever been permanently separated. Moon didn't like that any more than Dutch did, so after he graduated and helped his dad a while in the store, he took a trip up to see Ronnie, who was then in Des Moines. Moon had no idea of turning radio man himself, but the Reagan brothers missed each other more than either let on, and Ronnie had a pretty good job now in Des Moines with a big station. He told Moon an oil company wanted him to broadcast a Saturday night sports review after the football games, but he was so busy he couldn't handle it.

"Why don't you do it, Moon?" Dutch suggested.

"Are you nuts?" chuckled Moon. Dutch said he wasn't. So, completely cold, but with all the Reagan nerve in the world, Moon tried out and got the job. He made \$17 a week, not enough even to afford a room, but he moved in with Dutch, and

the Reagan boys were back together again. Pretty soon they got to teaming up on football broadcasts and dishing out the thrills so much like one another that listeners couldn't tell the difference.

Dutch and Moon didn't split up again until Hollywood grabbed Ronald. That was when Dutch traveled West to Catalina Island with the Chicago Cubs for spring training. Moon stayed in Iowa, and he'll never forget a letter he got from Dutch telling all the wonders of Southern California, from bathing beauties to glass-bottom boats, orange groves and Spanish castles. Dutch didn't mention Hollywood until 'way down at the bottom. "How would you like a movie star for a brother—hey? I got introduced to a Hollywood big shot the other day, and he says he'll give me a screen test. Want my autograph?"

dutch gable . . .

Moon sent a postcard back. He said, "Keep the autograph, Mister Gable. See you in Iowa."

That's where he did see Dutch—again, too. Ronnie came back on the job. He'd made a test at Warner Brothers and met a few big shots around the lot after an actress he'd met at Catalina, Joy Hodges, took him to the studio. But he never took any of it seriously. He was twice as excited about a new sponsored sports broadcast on a national hookup that was due to start that fall.

So when Moon got a telephone call one day from Des Moines and heard Dutch say, "Listen—can you beat this? Guess what happened. I got a movie contract in the mail today!" he almost fell over. Then Moon almost blew up when Dutch went on. "What do you think I ought to do about it—send it back?"

"Hold everything!" yelled Moon. "I'll be right up."

He drove over to Des Moines a mile a minute that morning and laid down the law to Brother Dutch, who wasn't sure he wanted to risk losing the sports program for a wild crack at Hollywood. "You sign that contract," said Moon, "or I'll poke you one. It's the chance of a lifetime. If you don't take it, you're even dumber than I thought you were." It almost ended up in a scrap, but finally Dutch signed and—well—almost everybody knows the rest. He got a lead right off in "Love Is on the Air" and much to his own surprise, Dutch Reagan found himself an actor and pretty soon a star.

But the glamour of Hollywood hasn't made a speck of difference with the Reagan boys. Not from the moment Ronald Reagan began slicking up to right now. Moon stayed in Iowa and spent one vacation in California with Dutch, but he spent all his time on the beach at Santa Monica and never even looked at a studio. Next time he saw Ronnie was in Chicago at a Chicago theater. Ronnie was on a personal appearance tour, and along with him was a cute blond actress from his own studio. Dutch introduced Moon to Jane Wyman. Later, he called Moon into his dressing room.

"We're going to get married," said Dutch. "What do you think about that?"

"And for the first time in my life," Moon laughed, "I never had any advice to offer Dutch." Moon had married a Des Moines girl, and he knew already that marriage is a private affair.

Three years after Dutch Reagan came to Hollywood, his father and mother came out to California to live, and it wasn't long until Moon, too, found a radio connection in the booming broadcasting studios of Hollywood. Now he's program director for the Warner Broadcasting Corporation. A couple of years ago Jack Reagan died, but Mrs. Reagan has a place near her boys, and Moon and Dutch live

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THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE,
"OUR HEARTS WERE
YOUNG AND GAY"



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REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

right on the same street. So the Reagans are together all the time now.

Moon hasn't any kids, but he's the favorite "Uncle Moon" to Ronnie's and Jane's darling, Maureen Elizabeth. He calls her "Whitey" because of her cotton curls, and Jane calls Moon "The Bad Influence" because he spoils Maureen.

fighting Irish...

When Moon and Dutch aren't changing the political set-up of the world or something at Ronnie's house, they're usually working in each other's yards. A while back Moon and Dutch decided Ronnie's swimming pool needed a beach. So they hewed out a 17 x 18 foot place, a couple of feet deep, and put one in. The excavation pit turned out to be almost solid rock, and the 12 tons of sand got dumped by mistake on the driveway, yards away, so Moon's back was about broke from shovels and wheelbarrows. When he heard Ronnie tell some friends of his that he—Ronnie—had done the job all by himself, Moon felt tempted to bean him again with a hatchet!

But the Reagan boys are saving their Sunday punches these days for a bigger target—the war. Ronald, of course, is already a captain. Ronnie—a swell horseman—had a reserve cavalry commission he earned when back at Des Moines, and joined up right away. Moon went with him to Fort MacArthur and March Field

cals, because for a while it looked like the Army wouldn't accept Ronnie. His eyes aren't up to snuff. But he got a limited service job out of it and is now personnel officer of the big training-film center at Roach studios.

Moon was a National Guardsman himself, back in Iowa, and he's been trying to get in a uniform ever since the war began. But a missing ear drum blocks him there. So when he sees Dutch in his Army uniform, he gets a little green with envy.

But Ronnie's success as a Hollywood star hasn't given Moon one pang of jealousy. He plays around in a few pictures himself every now and then, in addition to his radio job. But he wouldn't be a star if you gave him the town and all the gold in it. Moon's ambition is to live on the desert in a cabin and take life easy.

The other night Moon and his wife and Ronnie and Jane went on a rare Saturday night excursion to the bright lights. They arrived at a war crowded restaurant where lines of hungry people waited. A mob of them swamped Ronnie for his autograph, and when the crush was all over the food was gone, and the restaurant folded up.

"That's my brother!" Moon cracked. Dutch flared. "Listen, if I wasn't wearing a uniform, I'd sock you one!"

"You and who else?" said Moon. And the girls had to stop it there. The Reagan boys will probably never change—which

COLD WEATHER GLAMOUR

(Continued from page 67)

dull and dismal as a rice pudding. These skin saboteurs take the form of chapped skin, parched lips and sometimes a red nose. You can shun their presence by treating your skin to lots of cream.

If you're a normal skinned femme (aren't you the lucky one!), practice the soap and water routine at least once a day. Work up some super duper lather, scrub your face and neck energetically. You should treat your face to some soothing cream. Use firm, upward strokes and remove the cream with cleansing tissues. To tone your skin, saturate a tissue with astringent or tonic and pat on.

If it's dry skin you bemoan, use lots of rich emollient cream. Use a soap made on an extra oily base. The better to soften your skin, my dear. Cream make-up bases are excellent, too.

You oily-skinned femmes should make a New Year's resolution to scrub your face with soapy suds at least twice a day. Get into the habit of dabbing on an astringent. Another way to keep your complexion a-blooming is to carry handy cleansing pads in your knapsack for use during the day. Then take note of the liquid and cake forms of foundation base. Ideal for oily skin!

plan d—Your Coif

Just when you least expect him, your furloughing beau comes into town, and there you are with stringy, bewildered looking hair. If this nightmare hasn't happened to you so far, make sure it never does. Keep your locks spanking clean with frequent shampoos. There's a specially wonderful one with hair-conditioner added that will bring a dash of sparkle and gleam to your old mop. Make with the brush at least one hundred strokes every night. If your halo is in need of one, start the new year with a new permanent. Try one of the home kit permanents that give glossy, bright curls in record time. Two more good reasons? These home permanents are safe and economical.

Tuck bows in your top knot for an added bit of glamour. You can secure 'em with the tiny tuck combs that have split teeth and that come in varied shades.

plan e—Care for Clothes

If a pin is sticking you, serves you right. Clothes should have buttons, not safety pins, to ensure their staying on. If you're guilty, then settle down tonight with a sewing box. While you're about it, take inventory of your drawers. In order? Are your things neatly arranged? A last minute dinner date shouldn't find you exhausted from searching for a clean slip to wear.

Success Plan

"Oh, what a beautiful morning!" hum you as so gaily you step out into the brisk, fresh air. And, of course, the morning's beautiful the same as you are...with a good grooming campaign to back you up!



**DON'T LET THE
SQUANDER BUG
EAT YOUR MONEY
★ BUY ★
WAR BONDS**

Julia Jean got to loathe the sight of orange sherbet.

Lying in her bed by the window, she saw two horses grazing in a nearby field—and the plan leaped fullblown to life. All day she lay there, suddenly so serene that the nurses eyed her suspiciously. She smiled back—a cherub. All day she watched the horses and decided she'd take the chestnut, because he was smaller and such a lovely color.

It might have worked, too, if one of the kids hadn't buzzed. She'd waited till she was sure they were all asleep, but this tattletale wasn't. No sooner had she kicked the screen out and jumped to the ground, than the hue and cry started. But before they caught her, she'd given them a run for their money. "I want to go to my mother," she screamed. "I want to get on that little red horse and go to my mother."

black clouds . . .

She was put back to bed, the window locked, and a nurse set to watch her. "Go to sleep," said the nurse. "You'll feel much better in the morning."

Big mournful eyes gazed up at her. "Who told on me?" demanded Julia Jean darkly. "I have to know, because she's my enemy for life."

Came the lovely day when they bathed her in some kind of horrible solution and took her to the office, and she went tearing between tears and laughter into Mother's arms. Mother'd brought her a whole new outfit—white dotted Swiss dress, white shoes, a blue bow for her hair. "But you've got to eat this first." It was orange sherbet!

Later, it seemed as if those three weeks in the hospital had been a kind of preparation for worse to come. One afternoon her godmother called for her at school. "Your Mother had to go up to Frisco honey. On—on business. You're coming home with me."

"To Frisco? Without saying good-by?"

"She couldn't help it, Julia Jean. There just wasn't time."

Next day godmother said: "We're going to San Francisco."

"But why doesn't Mother come here? Is she sick?"

"No, she's all right. She just wants you up there with her."

A slow suspicion formed in Julia Jean's mind and strengthened to certainty. Mother was going to have a baby, that was it. There was always something mysterious about having a baby, and the mothers always went away first. Her eyes lit up. What fun to have a cute little baby to play with! She turned to her godmother. No, better not ask. It was true; she knew it.

There was no sign of a baby at the hotel where they met Mother. Julia Jean swallowed her disappointment. Maybe he wasn't ready yet, maybe he'd come tomorrow. She didn't like to ask Mother who looked kind of white and tired.

"You'll have to tell her," said Mildred Turner abruptly. "I can't"—and left.

Frightened, Julia Jean started after her, but godmother drew her back. "Honey, I've got something hard to tell you. Your daddy's gone."

"Gone?"

"There was an accident, and he was hurt—and died."

Died. There was a girl at school whose father died. She'd always been so sorry for that girl. It seemed such a lonely thing not to have a father. Now she was like that girl. Her daddy was gone. She'd never see him again. It was from shock, from a sense of something stable gone out

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of her life that Julia Jean cried that day. "I've got to stay here," Mother explained. "Now that Daddy's gone, I've got to make more money for both of us. You can make more money in Frisco than in Stockton, but I'll be away all day, and there just wouldn't be anyone to look after you. You'll have to go back with godmother." The thin little arms tightened convulsively, the wet face pressed closer, and how Mildred Turner found the strength to stick to her plan, she still doesn't know. "I'll come down every week-end, I'll bring you up here the first minute I can make you a home—oh, darling, don't cry so."

Two long years. Two pretty bad years but—as generally happens—not so bad in actuality as in prospect. There was the convent, which she still loved. There were the bright week-ends to look forward to. There was her natural buoyancy to help her over the rough spots. And there was the endless hoping and planning.

It came suddenly. In San Francisco Mrs. Turner met Lucile Meadows, who suggested that they open a shop of their own. "What's more, I've got another idea. You've been hankering to bring that youngster of yours up here. Why don't we take a big apartment and share it? Your Julia Jean's what? Eleven? Well, my Hazel's 13, and George is 14, and they'll be pals for each other, and you won't have to worry about leaving the kid alone."

Mrs. Turner stared at her. "You're an answer to prayer," she said.

As for Julia Jean, life began at 11. The Meadows were a gay, warm-hearted family who took her in and made her their own. George and Hazel called her their little sister. Business prospered at the beauty shop, and a little Spanish woman came to do the cooking. The kids helped with the housework, but not enough to hurt. The door was always open to their friends, and their favorite room was the big kitchen—full of laughter and beautiful smells—where they'd stage kitchen parties.

Soon Julia Jean was going to Presentation High, where the kids shortened her name to Judy. "Suits you better. Besides, the other's too long." By any name, you still couldn't get her to do her homework. Yet her grades were good in everything but math. Math threw her.

the devil and the dime store . . .

None of the crowd was allowed to use make-up, so they all did. Saturdays would find them in the Dime Store, squandering their substance—Judy got a dollar a week—on lipstick and horrible shades of powder, on junk jewelry and stockings at 39c. Since they couldn't use the make-up either at home or school, you'd have thought it was hardly worth the effort—if you didn't know kids. Every morning they'd get up 15 minutes early. Waiting for the bus, they'd daub this stuff on their faces. Unloading a block away from the school building—at a spot known as Make-up Corner—they'd haul out mirrors and tissue and vigorously remove every trace of the powder and lipstick they'd been applying with equal vigor ten minutes ago. Silly? Not at all. You just wouldn't feel dressed if you met in the bus without make-up.

Saturday nights they all went to the show. Having spent the afternoon at the Dime Store, Judy was insolvent by night. So George or Hazel supplied the necessary quarter, plus a nickel for a candy bar. Thus armed, ten or a dozen of them would scramble for seats well down front and give themselves up to rapture. Gable was their god. Shearer was their dream of what every girl ought to look like. They tried to copy her hair-dos. When she came out with the slick bob and the whirl over the forehead, Judy cut her own hair to get the desired effect. It wasn't so hot. One look sent Mother into hysterics.



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SAY
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That was why she finally broke down during the Jean Harlow craze. "I want to be a platinum blonde," yammered Judy. Docile enough for the most part, there were times when a glint appeared in Judy's eye that meant business. Mother recognized that glint now and shuddered from the vision of what a home-made job might do to her child's beautiful mop.

"I don't like it," she said, "and I never will. But if you've made up your mind, come on over to the shop after school."

From Judy's viewpoint, it was a dazzling success. The job was done on a Friday. Friday night was basketball night. The boys called for the girls, they all met at a certain corner and took the street car.

Judy felt a little shy, going to the door when the bell rang.

"Judy in?" asked the boy.

Her eyes widened, and a thrill ran through her. He didn't know her. He'd seen her that afternoon at school, and he didn't know her. Goodness, what fun!

"No," she answered demurely, "but she'll be right back. Want to wait?"

He eyed her curiously. "Who're you?"

"I'm her cousin."

"I never saw you before."

"No, I—I just got here. From Idaho."

"Judy," called her mother. "Don't stand there with the door open. Bring your friend in."

"Judy!" His jaw dropped. "Say, what've you done to yourself?"

There were boys, of course. Not that she was allowed to go out with them, except when the crowd went together. But to be in the swim, you had to get a crush on someone every so often. Judy's crushes lasted about a week. One lasted a month. He was truly devoted—walked her home from school, carried her books and treated her to holes of the doughnut. You bought the holes instead of the doughnuts because they were only a penny apiece—tiny little balls, fried very crisp and simply delicious—when you were just 14 and munched them on a sunlit street with a laughing boy who carried your books.

Judy also had what she called a "silent love." Silent was right. He was a friend of George's who, when he noticed her at all, referred to her as "the babe in arms." Her admiration grew in proportion to his aloofness. Without losing any sleep, she wove her dreams around him.

"Do you have a boy friend?" asked a newcomer at school.

"Oh yes!" breathed Judy. "He's an older man. Eighteen."

"Eighteen? And he goes with you?"

Judy didn't care for the skeptical note. "Goes with me? Why, he's at my beck and call."

The height of her ambition was to be taken for older than her years. She'd even fib about her age when she thought she could get away with it. But her sins caught up with her. She had to have her appendix out, and at the hospital they put her in the children's ward.

"Don't tell the gang," she begged her mother. "Cross your heart you won't let them know where I am."

They found out though. In they trooped one afternoon, and there lay Judy—looking very sophisticated indeed in the silk nightie Mother had brought to console her, a flower in her hair—sandwiched between a tot of seven and, believe it or not, a baby of three months!

Her pals let her have it. "Introduce us to your little friends, precious."

"How old did you say you were? Sixteen? Or six?"

"What are you looking so grim about, honey? Are you teething?"

She never fibbed about her age again—not in so many words—just tried to act

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older. She had to, on account of the rat-races. That's what they called the school dances, thrown on Friday nights when there wasn't a basketball game. You couldn't go except with a legitimate date and, by Mother's ruling, dates were out. But she could always count on George and Hazel. "Oh, let her come, we'll look after her." George would slip her in, then go back to pick up his real date. She didn't have to worry about partners.

lovely word . . .

Five years of healthy, carefree girlhood—of laughter and comradeship and the thrilling sense of life just ahead which belongs only to youth. Not that Judy gave much thought to the future—the present was too all-absorbing. Of course when the kids got together and talked about what they were going to do, she had ideas, too.

"I'm going to be a biologist."

"Biologist! Judy Turner! Why, you can't even stand the sight of a bug, and a teentsy little moth drives you wild."

"So what? Biology's such a lovely word."

Later, she thought interior decorating would be nice. Or dress designing. School dramatics bored her. But once she got hooked. Or almost. For Joan of Arc yet.

"Hooray! I got out of it," she announced at home that night.

"How?"

"Well, there was just one way—to be bad enough so they'd kick me out."

They moved down to Los Angeles because Mrs. Turner caught one cold too many. She wrote to a friend in Hollywood, who wrote back: "My apartment's big enough for three. You can move right in." Mrs. Meadows bought out her interest in the shop, gave the two her blessing and a farewell blowout.

They drove down with two friends. The weather was drizzly. Just beyond Las Robles, the driver braked abruptly on a newly-paved stretch of road. They skidded, and the car turned over.

The other three managed to scramble out. Judy was dazed and had to be pulled out. Her side hurt, but otherwise she seemed all right. The first shock and anxiety over, they waited for a car to come. Nervously, the older women smoked.

Judy felt her time had come. It was her smash-up as much as anyone's. If it was true what they said, that cigarettes soothed you, she needed one—besides, she was 16.

"Mother, may I have a cigarette?"

Mother looked at her—such a look that it was on the tip of her tongue to say, "Never mind"—but something made her bite the words back. Miserably she took the cigarette, watched Mother strike a match, then blow it out.

"If you've got to smoke, go ahead. But I'm not going to light it for you."

Judy felt like a lamb turned out of the fold. She took one puff—a girl could do no less—sputtered and choked and threw the darn thing away.

At the hospital, they taped up her two broken ribs and treated Mrs. Turner for a slight concussion.

And that's how Lana Turner came to Hollywood—in a car with its side caved in. Not an impressive entry. But then Hollywood didn't impress her either.

Where was the shining avenue of dreams, spangled with Gables and Harlows and Shearers? This was nothing but a little old village street, overgrown, noisy, lined with ordinary shops, bustling with ordinary people like herself. She was six again, looking for the Golden Gate.

"Nuts," said little Judy Turner and dropped her head on Mom's shoulder.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Part II of Lana Turner's life story will appear in the March issue of MODERN SCREEN.

"MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 48)

"Who?" the Governor yelled.

"Kockenlocker, Kockenlocker. K-O-C-K-E-Kockenlocker—"

"Wait a minute," the Governor said. "I want to get this absolutely straight now. Hold on a minute while I get my secretary to take down every word you say."

Looking through the window, waiting for the Governor, the editor watched the growing mob in the street outside. He couldn't help thinking of Trudy and everything that had happened to her since that first day of the Farewell Dance. Blonde, pretty, lively, beautiful Trudy. . . .

And Norval Jones, second assistant teller at the bank.

The night of the farewell dance she was going to the movies with Norval. Or at least that's what she told her father. Pa wouldn't hear of her going to the dance. He knew soldiers, didn't he? He'd been in the last war. Farewell dance! Sure, it began down in the church basement, and then maybe out to the country club, and then maybe down to a boogie-woogie joint. Keep away from soldiers, Pa always said.

"I'm only going to the movies with Norval," Trudy said.

"Fine," Pa said. "Stick to Norval."

So she started down the street with Norval, and when they got around the corner to the car, she took his arm, and Norval smiled at her and she smiled back at him.

"Gee, Trudy," he said, "I can't think of anything I'd rather do, except maybe be in the Army, than go to a movie with you. Even a triple feature."

"That's awfully sweet of you, Norval," Trudy said.

"It's the truth," Norval said. "The only thing I wish is that I could be in uniform and still take you to the movies. But you know—the spots."

"The spots," Trudy said sadly.

"I'm perfectly fine until I get right up there before the doctor. Then all of a sudden my heart begins to beat fast, and they tell me not to get excited. And I'm not excited. I'm cool as ice. And then the next minute—"

"The spots," Trudy said.

"—and they tell me to go home again and take it easy. I can't think of anything I'd rather do than be in the Army. Unless it's being with you, Trudy. . . ."

"It must be hard being in the Army," Trudy said.

"Sure it's hard."

"I don't mean physically. I mean when you have to go away. And there's nobody to say good-by to you."

"Oh, the Sergeant says good-by," Norval said.

"But it should be different," Trudy said. "There should be fun. And dancing. And maybe a girl to wave to—"

"That's why they have the farewell dance," Norval said.

"That's what I mean," Trudy said. "The farewell dance."

"Trudy—" Norval said.

"Norval, you wouldn't want me to let those poor guys go off alone without even saying good-by to them. It could be so easy. Now you go right on to the pictures—"

"Three features," Norval said. "You want me to sit through three features all alone?"

"—and then I could pick you up at the end of the show. And Papa would never know the difference. And I could say good-by to the soldiers. And—"

(Continued on page 84)

"These soft white hands keep the home fires burning!"



No red, chapped hands for me! I use **HINDS**—that **HONEY** of a lotion—before and after doing grimy, hard work!"

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BEFORE WORK—both housework and factory work—use Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its skin-softeners help protect your hands against drying effects of soapy-water jobs, chapping weather, ground-in grime. Notice how your hands wash up softer . . . cleaner.

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HINDS for HANDS



Norwegian by birth, undisputed Ice Skating Queen by virtue of being three-time winner of Olympic Figure Skating Championship, and many-time winner of European and World Championships!



Star of 20th Century-Fox's musical extravaganza, "Winter Time" and now touring with her "Hollywood Ice Revue," Sonja Henie—when time permits—enjoys making rich Norwegian-style cookies.



IF THERE IS ANYONE who still wonders why this war is being fought, let him look to Norway. If there is anyone who has any delusions that this war could have been averted, let him look to Norway. And if there is anyone who doubts of the democratic will to win, again I say, let him look to Norway.

"He will find in Norway, at once conquered and unconquerable, the answer to his questioning."

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Some seven years ago, a blonde and dimpled little Norwegian girl—then totally unknown in America, although already famous on the Continent as an extraordinarily skillful figure skater—arrived over here to glide and spin and smile her way into the hearts of a vast army of movie fans. This was, of course, Sonja Henie. So, for our series on *The Foods of Our Allies*—remembering the country of her origin and her popularity with our readers—we naturally decided to ask Miss Henie to represent her native Norway.

Norway—"Land of the Midnight Sun," of peaceful fjords and mighty glaciers—once described by such lovely words as "serene" and "tranquil." Norway—Land of the Vikings—whose ships and sailors still roam the seven seas! Carrying, now, the tools of war to the battlefields of the world for the benefit of our mutual cause. Waiting for the glorious day when they can return to their home ports laden with the supplies of peace; when, once again, the liberty-loving Norwegians can resume the way of life they loved. It is for this future occasion and in this expectation that the indomitable Norwegians fight on!

In happier times now past, the people of this little kingdom "at the roof of the world" enjoyed, according to Sonja Henie, one of the highest standards of living; which included excellent and abundant food. It was shortly before the holidays when we interviewed Sonja about Norwegian cooking, so she naturally spoke of Christmas celebrations she remembered as a child. Of the festivities that lasted for a full week. Of the corn and the suet that were hung on the fir trees for the birds to eat . . . "a sight so beautiful, so

by Marjorie Deen

peaceful, that it greatly enhanced the Yuletide spirit," is the way Sonja put it.

She also described the many types of rich cookies that were "musts" at that time of the year and were welcome treats at all other seasons, as well. (Of these cookies more, later on.) Miss Henie spoke of Fish Pudding as her favorite Norwegian dish and said that whenever she and her mother were in New York, they would immediately place an order for one of these specialties with Sophie Madsen, who makes and sells them. However, despite her enthusiasm for Norwegian Fish Pudding, Miss Henie was reluctant to give us the recipe. "To make this dish," she explained, "takes so much time that I doubt if Americans would think it worth the effort. Why, in the country districts of Norway," she went on, "they pound the fish for four hours in a wooden bowl! Of course, it is possible to get good results by putting the fish through a food grinder six or seven times—using the finest blade—but even so it is a lot of bother."

So, instead, Miss Henie suggested that we concentrate on other, easier-to-follow recipes. For example:

There's *Benløse Fugler*, or *Boneless Birds*—a meat dish that "goes easy" on both points and pennies. *Risengrynsgröt*—a nutritious, inexpensive pudding that is especially delectable when accompanied by the *Rød Saus* given below. And, to serve with coffee, there's *Kringle*—one of the rich coffee cakes for which all Scandinavians are famous. And *Fattigmanns Bakkels*—a deep-fat-fried specialty. Also, a rich cookie once known as *Berlinerkranser*, but now called *Ostlokranser*—for good and sufficient reasons, as I'm sure you'll agree after a short study of the two names.

ROD SAUS

(Red Sauce for Desserts)

Wash and pick over 2 cups cranberries.* Cook with 1 cup water until all skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve. (In order to have a clear sauce, be sure not to force any of pulp through strainer.) Return juice to saucepan, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar combined with 1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Cook and stir until clear and slightly thickened. Remove from heat immediately. If desired, sprinkle with mace. Serve hot or cold.

*In Norway, *Rød Saus* is made with the juice of any seasonal red (rod) fruits. For this country and season, cranberries are ideal.



We have had the above mentioned recipes printed up in the form of a little folder which you will certainly want to send for if you're interested in foreign foods, in general, and in the dishes from Norway that Sonjo favors, in particular. So just use this coupon or simply drop us a postol.

THE MODERN HOSTESS MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Avenue
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Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for Sonjo Henie's Norwegian dishes, in THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES series.

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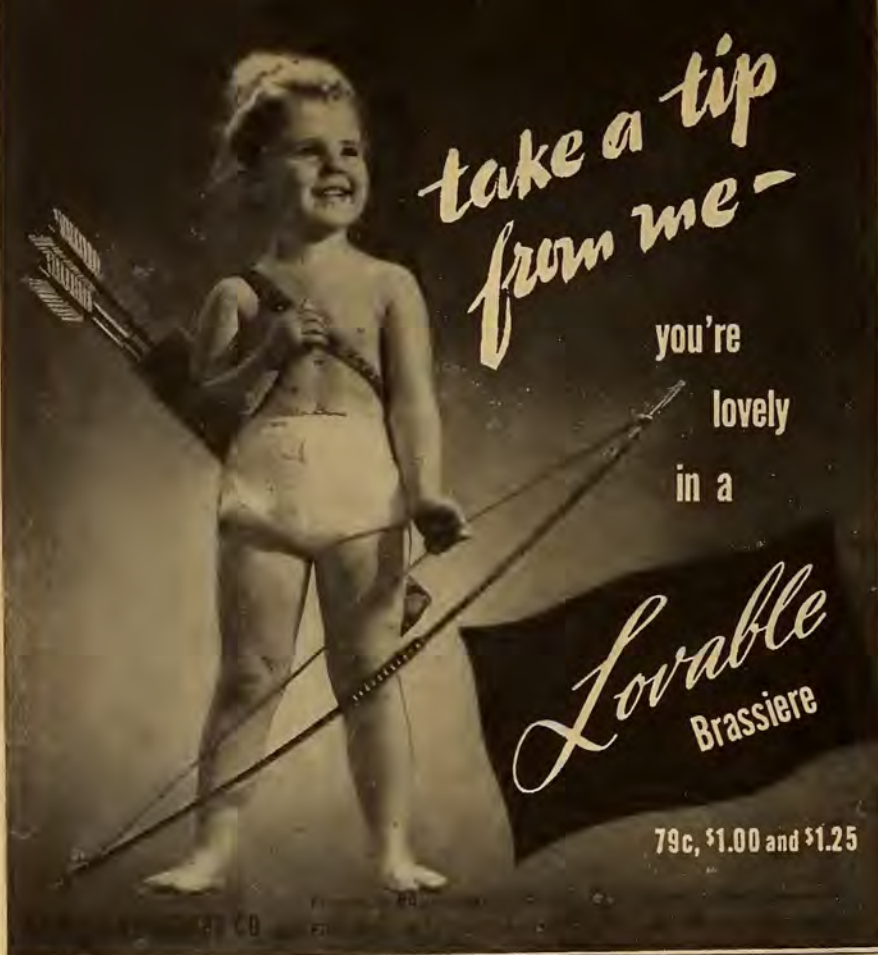
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"No," Norval said. "Three features, Trudy. All alone!"

"Norval . . ." Trudy said. "For me?"

"I don't know why I do it," Norval said. "I don't know why I do it. Three features . . . the spots . . . all alone. I don't know why I do it!"

having wonderful time . . .

Trudy had a lovely time. They began in the church basement drinking lemonade without sugar, and she danced with a soldier six feet tall and she danced with one five feet one. There was one with curly black hair. One was bald. Then they all piled into a car, and they drove out to the country club, and it was all glitter and a band playing soft music and someone said: "Champagne for everybody!" So they danced and drank champagne, and a soldier said: "I got an idea. Let's all get married." They laughed, and after a while they weren't at the country club any more. They were in a boogie-woogie joint, and Trudy was beating it out with the big soldier with the broad shoulders and the curly black hair or maybe it was the short, bald one. It was so hard to keep things straight. There was a funny glittering thing on the low ceiling, and the soldier she was dancing with twirled her off to the right and bounced her high, and sure enough she cracked her head on the big glittering thing in the middle of the ceiling and landed all sprawled out on the floor while the whole crowd laughed and she kept saying: "What's the joke, what's the joke?"

headaches and hangovers . . .

It was eight o'clock in the morning before she turned up driving Norval's car erratically down the Main street of Morgan's Creek toward the movie house.

Norval was waiting.

It was eight-fifteen before Norval finally got her home while she kept singing and insisting that she never drank anything stronger than lemonade. At Trudy's house, he picked her up and carried her, staggering a little under the weight, up the front porch steps.

Papa was waiting.

It was eight-seventeen and a half before Norval finally ducked under Papa's outraged left hand jab and made a clean break for his car. It was eight-eighteen and a quarter when Papa reached for singing Trudy, missed his grip and sprawled flat on his back in the living room, while Trudy raced up to her room.

Emmy was waiting.

Emmy was Trudy's kid sister. She wasn't blonde, and she was a little gawky, but she made up for it because her head was stuffed with that good grey stuff sometimes called brains or common sense.

"How could you do it?" Emmy said. "Stay out to eight o'clock in the morning. You knew Pa would be hopping mad."

"Oh, we had a wonderful time—" Trudy said.

"Sure, and you said good-bye to the whole U. S. Army. Plus the Navy and the Marine Corps—"

"And we danced. And we had fun. And a fellow kept saying let's all get married. Wasn't that silly? Marry some fellow you never saw before and maybe never see again—"

"Someone certainly had some dopey ideas," Emmy said.

"Sure. You can't get married that way. Just some fellow. Using a curtain ring for a marriage band and—"

"Trudy!" Emmy said.

"What's the matter?" Trudy said.

"Trudy, what's that on your finger?"

They looked down at it. There it was on the fourth finger. A curtain ring, and if you turned it a little, it looked almost exactly

like a bona fide marriage band.

"Trudy!" Emmy said. "You didn't! You didn't fall for that guff. You didn't get married!"

And then suddenly, very sharply, Trudy was cold sober.

"Married?" she said. "Emmy, I don't know. Maybe I did. I remember we were all dancing and then . . . and then . . . I can't remember anything more. There was something glittering up on the ceiling, and someone kept saying let's all get married . . . And I don't remember . . ."

"If you did get married," Emmy said, "you'd know the guy's name at least. Who was the guy you were out with?"

"I don't know . . . there were so many. There was a fellow with curly black hair. And another one. There was a fellow whose name had an 'atski' in it. Like Ratziwatski. Or something . . ."

"That's a help," Emmy said, then she snapped her fingers. "We can find out in a minute. If you got married, you'd sign your name. It'll be in the register. We can find out if you got married and whom you got married to."

Emmy started for the door purposefully.

Trudy said: "Wait a minute. I remember something else. I remember someone saying: 'Don't give your right name' . . ."

Emmy almost fainted: "You mean you didn't give your right name. And you don't know the name of the fellow you married—"

"I guess that's how it must have been," Trudy said slowly.

"Trudy!" Emmy wailed. "Trudy!"

As it turned out there was no doubt at all that Trudy had been married.

Because the doctor said she was going to have a baby.

Emmy was tight-lipped when she heard the news. "That does it," she said. "You know you were married. And I know it. But who else is going to believe it? Are you sure you can't remember the name of the soldier?"

"Oh, I don't know," Trudy said. "Ratziwatski. Or something."

"Oh murder!" Emmy said. "You know what they're going to be saying. You know what Papa's going to say. You know what he'll do to Norval—"

"Norval!" Trudy said. "What has Norval got to do with it?"

"Well, he was the guy you were out with until eight o'clock that morning."

"But—"

"But nothing," Emmy said. "Just wait till Papa finds out about this thing."

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 8)

1. Army captain
2. Billy the Kid
3. Home for the war
4. Pal Joey
5. Tough stuff
6. British beauty
7. Brutish-looking
8. Trigger
9. Government girl
10. Casablanca refugee
11. Horsin' with Orson
12. Jon's wife
13. Kid star grown up
14. Murder on Broadway
15. Of Hollywood Four Hundred
16. Chick and Ole
17. Tender toughie
18. Sweet 'n sultry
19. Papa-to-be
20. Vaudeville vet

(Next set of clues on page 105)



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"We can't let that happen to Norval. Papa'll shoot him." "Wait a minute," Emmy said. "Norval. There's the answer. Norval. You were out with him that night. He's crazy about you. You've got to have a husband. He's made for it. He's a schnook. And that's what we need now. He's perfect."

poor fish...

"Emmy," Trudy said. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Don't I?" Emmy said. "Listen, baby, you're going to marry Norval."

It was easy. It was so easy that it hurt. Norval came over for dinner, and the way he sat at the end of the table always looking at Trudy, you could see it in his eyes and in his face and even in the way he fumbled with his fork. He was so much in love with Trudy, he didn't even know what he was eating.

Papa kept talking about marriage and daughters and what a pain in the neck both of them were. Papa kept saying that the only reason he was a cop was because he could yell at women drivers. Papa kept saying marriage was for dopes and 100 per cent of the human race was dopes.

Out on the porch later, just the two of them, Trudy said: "I hope you don't think Papa was talking too much about marriage tonight."

"I don't mind," Norval said. "I like to hear people talk about marriage. Only it isn't always the right people—"

"Even the... right people... think about marriage sometimes," Trudy said.

"Do they? They never tell me."

"Maybe it's because you don't ask," Trudy said.

It was dark on the porch, and only the glimmer of light from the moon lit the old, polished planking. There was the smell of Spring in the air, of fresh grass and roses, and there was a soft wind blowing off the face of Morgan's Creek.

"Trudy," Norval said. "What do you mean, they don't ask..."

"Well, they don't ask," Trudy said.

"Trudy," Norval said, "do you mean... do you mean..."

"Don't get excited. Remember your blood pressure."

"Why shouldn't I get excited?" Norval said. "Do you mean, Trudy, do you mean..."

"What?" Trudy said. "Say it Norval."

"Would you marry me, Trudy?"

And then suddenly he was on his knees, and he was talking in a flood of words, holding her hand, looking up at her.

"Trudy," he said, "I always thought about it. I dreamt about it. When we were kids in school... gee, you were still wearing pigtails... I fell in love with you then. And I've never been out of it. In high school. And afterwards. I always hoped. I never thought really that you could love a guy like me. I know I'm not handsome. I'm not even anything. I just know I'm so crazy about you there's nothing in the world I'd want more than marrying you."

"Norval," Trudy said. "I never knew..."

"Trudy, would you. You were talking now almost like you were in love with me..."

"I can't do it to you," Trudy said. "I can't. I can't. You're so sweet, Norval. You're so good."

"What are you talking about, Trudy?" Norval said. "What can't you do to me? What's it all about, Trudy? The spots... what's it all about?"

"Maybe you wouldn't want to marry me," Trudy said.

"What are you talking about, Trudy?" Norval shouted. "Trudy you're crazy."

"No, I'm not," Trudy said.

"You must be crazy thinking I wouldn't want to marry you," Norval said excitedly. "If you're not crazy, what are you?"

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"I'm married," Trudy said.
 "The spots . . ." Norval yelled, "the spots . . . did you say you were married?"
 "Yes. Only I don't know his name. And there isn't any record. So I can't let you marry me. It would be bigamy. Or something."

It was two days before Norval thought of anything. Then that evening, he drove up, and he beckoned mysteriously to Trudy.

norval comes through . . .

"Ratziwatski is going to marry you."

"Did you find him?" Trudy said.

"I didn't find him," Norval said. "I'm Ratziwatski. Look, Trudy, what you need is a certificate, that's all. A marriage certificate that says Trudy Kockenlocker married Ratziwatski. So why can't we go down to a Justice of the Peace, and I'll say I'm Ratziwatski and we'll get the certificate? And that way everything will be fine. It's foolproof. It solves everything. It's almost legal."

"Norval," Trudy said, "I can't let you. Besides Ratziwatski was a soldier, and he had a uniform."

"Of course you can let me," Norval said. "You got to. That's all I want to do. I just want to help you. And I even have the uniform. Now you just leave everything to me."

Maybe the uniform Norval got was a little big. And maybe it was really a uniform from World War I. It didn't look too good, but maybe Norval wouldn't look too good in a uniform anyway. Besides, the Justice of the Peace didn't seem to notice, and he went through the whole ceremony. It was all done, all finished.

The Justice of the Peace said: "Sign here, please."

And Norval took the register and signed in his best Palmer handwriting. He signed: **NORVAL JONES.**

"Just a minute," the Justice of the Peace said narrowly. "Just a minute, there, big boy. What goes on here?"

He pulled out a huge pistol and brandished it under Norval's nose.

"Norval," Trudy wailed, "Norval—"

"I thought his name was Ignatz Rattywatty. Abducting the girl, eh? Min," he shouted to his wife. "Call up the Sheriff. Get in touch with the Military Police. Ring the F.B.I. We got something here!"

Norval ended up in jail.

Back at the house, Trudy was weeping.

"I love him," she said. "He was so good. And now—"

"Love!" Emmy said. "Be practical!"

"I don't care," Trudy said. "I love him. And I married him. It's all in the certificate."

"That's it," Emmy said excitedly. "Sure it's in the certificate. That fixes that, anyway. You got the certificate to prove you're married, at least."

Officer Kockenlocker knocked on the door and then came into the bedroom. He looked at the two girls morosely.

"Daughters," he said bitterly.

"Cut it out," Emmy said. "She feels bad enough anyway."

"She feels bad," Officer Kockenlocker said. "How do you think she'd feel married to a guy wanted by every policeman in the country. I took care of that anyway."

"What do you mean you took care of that?" Emmy said.

"Your old man isn't such a dope," Officer Kockenlocker said. "I got the J. P. to tear up the certificate. No one will ever know she married the jerk."

"You what?" Emmy said. "Oh, no, Papa. You couldn't be that dumb."

"Listen, you underdone stringbean—"

"Shall we tell him?" Emmy said.

"I'm married," Trudy said. "I'm going to have a baby."

Officer Kockenlocker swayed. Then he

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roared: "What! A baby." "A baby," Emmy said. "The patter of little feet."

There was only one thing to do. They had to get Norval out. They went down to the jail late that night, and they found Norval in his cell looking at the bars on the window. He looked sad.

Norval said he couldn't escape. Norval said that would only get Officer Kockenlocker into trouble, and he'd probably lose his job and never get his pension—

"Norval, you must. For my sake," Trudy said. "I could never rest if I knew you were in jail."

"Sure," Emmy said. "Find that Ratzwatski guy. That would solve everything."

Norval said slowly: "That's true. If I could find him for Trudy, then everybody would know Trudy was really married. Only I'd need money. I'll have to look for him. I have money in the bank. Only it's in bonds—"

"That helps," Officer Kockenlocker said.

"Do you think it would be wrong," Norval said, "if I left the bonds and just took the money? I have a key to the bank, and we could get it now. It would only take a minute."

Officer Kockenlocker groaned: "All right, rob the bank. Go ahead. Only escape, will you? I can't stand my daughter's crying all the time."

"Good-by, Trudy," Norval said. "Don't worry."

"Good-by, Norval," Trudy said. "I love you."

"Isn't it funny," Norval said. "That's the only thing that matters."

"Very funny," Officer Kockenlocker said. "I could die laughing."

So that's how the robbery happened at the Morgan's Creek Bank, and that's how the famous jail-break of Norval Jones occurred. He disappeared. He disappeared in the Spring, and he wasn't seen again until the snow was on the ground and the frost was in the air.

miracle at christmas . . .

It was Christmas.

But there was an evil star that followed Norval, and no sooner was he in town than he was immediately spotted. And no sooner was he spotted, than immediately he was once more juggled.

The news reached the Kockenlockers on a small farm just outside the city limits of Morgan's Creek. They had been living

there secretly ever since Officer Kockenlocker was fired after Norval's jail-break.

"He dood it again," Emmy said sadly. "In the can."

"I've got to go into town," Trudy said. "I've got to tell them the whole story. They can't keep Norval in jail."

Officer Kockenlocker said, "We've been trying to keep the secret, and no one knows you're going to have a baby. Go into town now and . . ."

"I've got to," Trudy said.

They reached town just as the conference was taking place at the firehouse. The town elders were discussing the fate of Norval Jones. Officer Kockenlocker wearily climbed the stairs and stood before them.

"My daughter has something she wants to tell you gentlemen," he said heavily.

"Let her come in," said Mr. Tuerck, the town banker.

"I'm afraid you'll have to come down to her. She's—"

Emmy's voice rose piercingly in the air; she came tumbling up the stairs: "Papa! Papa! Trudy—"

"Is there a doctor in the house?" Officer Kockenlocker roared.

And then the miracle happened at Morgan's Creek.

God moves in mysterious ways, and when He takes a hand in human affairs, mountains are moved and the seas divide. And so it came to pass that a miracle happened. And before the shock and the wonder of it had passed, the news raced around the world. The important people in this miracle were Norval Jones and Trudy Kockenlocker. The miracle suited them fine. More or less. It was fine enough so that they found themselves married, and Norval got a Colonel's uniform in the State Guard and the Governor himself congratulated them. There was one other thing. Of course—

They lived happily ever after.

CAST

Norval Jones.....Eddie Bracken
Trudy Kockenlocker..Betty Hutton
Emmy Kockenlocker...Diana Lynn
Officer Kockenlocker..Wm. Demarest
Governor.....Brian Donlevy
Boss.....Akim Tamiroff
Sheriff.....J. Farrell MacDonald
Raferty.....Julius Tannen

A GUY NAMED JOE

(Continued from page 53)

Welles' Hollywood tent show for soldiers that played seven nights a week for six weeks. He's the most scrambled after leading man in Hollywood with producers practically lining up at David Selznick's chanting, "We want Cotten!"

In spite of all this hullabaloo, Joe Cotten is taking plenty of time out for laughs and living and giving Hollywood hooey the back of his hand. He's staying Joe Cotten all the time—which is to say a gay, straightforward guy with an indestructible sense of humor and the queer, unHollywood knack of squeezing a good time out of every minute.

The other day Joe got a fan letter from a snooty Boston lady. It was on elegant, crested and engraved note paper.

"Dear Mr. Cotten," it read. "Kindly forward an autographed portrait of yourself—for the servants, of course."

Joe roared when he read that one. He thought it was wonderful. He mailed the picture as requested. He also sent along a

letter he spent a whole evening composing and a book he spent most of one afternoon digging up in Hollywood. The letter stated in flowery phrases how flattered he was to comply with the lady's request. The enclosed book, he pointed out, was an elementary reader and spelling guide, and he said it was his earnest wish that after diligent study the lady's servants would be able to write and ask for their own photographs!

Following up a funny gag like that gives Joe Cotten a bigger kick than getting a raise in salary. The odd part is, you'd never in a million years suspect he's blessed with an oversized funnybone and as full of beans as a Navy mess kit until you meet him in person. In "Citizen Kane" Joe played his first Hollywood scene as an old man mumbling through his silvery moustache in a wheel chair. And ever since he's been somebody's father or uncle or something equally sedate and mature. You have to know Joe

Cotten to realize what a big kid at heart he really is.

slicing a "tomato" . . .

A few lucky people had that chance not long ago when Joe let loose and clowning through the magic show that he and Orson Welles tossed in a tent for Hollywood service men. Joe had the time of his life riding a stuffed lion, helping saw Hollywood tootsies in half and getting slapstick belly laughs from the crowd.

I'll have to tell a story on Joe Cotten about that show. The afternoon Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth got married, Joe, being Orson's chum, was best man. After the nuptials in Santa Monica, the wedding party came to Joe's house in nearby Pacific Palisades for a spot of refreshments. They had only a couple of hours before the show went on at eight o'clock, and they devoted most of that celebrating with champagne. When they showed up at curtain time everyone, including Joe, was happily confused.

The spot in Orson's magic program arrived where Joe had to fire a pistol into a trunk where a lovely Hollywood star has just been locked, all tied up in a sack. He was supposed to cry, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will shoot this pistol into the trunk!" Instead, Joe's tongue, wobbling from bubble-water, shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now shoot the bag in the trunk!" Then he went ba-loom! And out popped the lovely star—Marlene Dietrich!

"Who called me a bag?" she inquired coolly. Joe and the audience roared.

no chuckle-charley . . .

I don't mean to make Joe out as Joe the Joker. He isn't any gag artist or Chuckle-Charley. But he gets such a kick out of everything, and he's so open and honest about it that everything's a ton of fun for everybody concerned—even when the situation has the makings of being strained. Joe is canny enough about his career, but he's so easy-going and jovial about it that he doesn't make enemies.

For instance, when "This Is the Army" was casting, boss Jack Warner wanted Joe Cotten for the hoover part that George Murphy later did. Joe knew it wasn't for him from the start, but at Warner's insistence he took a crack at tap dancing—and it didn't work. He had to explain why he thought he shouldn't attempt the part, so he went into Warner's office one day to explain. "I can't do it," said Joe.

"Why?" Warner wanted to know, peeved. Joe didn't explain. He never said a word. Instead, he broke into his tap dance. He hopped all round the room in his clumsy off-to-Buffalos and jigs. The furniture bounced around, and Joe's off-beat steps almost wrecked the place. He kept it up until Warner wiped his eyes and cried, "Stop it! Okay—you win! You don't get the part."

When you meet Joe Cotten, the first thing you notice are the laugh wrinkles around his eyes and the way every movement he makes is charged with life and bounce and vitality. You'd never in a million years guess he has seen 38 summers. His six-foot-two frame is as trim as a boy's, with no more waistline than a yellowjacket. With the terrific tan he has collected since he came to California, he stacks up like a bronze Greek statue under his mop of yellow clinging curls. You'd expect to find Joe on a college campus booting a football.

Joe and Lenore Kipp, a bright and extremely attractive blonde, have been married 12 years, and the ups and downs of an actor's career have never made a speck of difference in their happiness. For years in New York, while Joe



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*externally-caused



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ore, from a socially prominent family and an editor of a big fashion magazine, was the one who rated. Joe was "Lenore Kipp's husband—an actor fellow, y'know." Now in Hollywood Lenore is Joe Cotten's wife—"non-professional." In neither case has either had a tremor of jealousy. In fact, they've become so close that Joe actually has confidence enough to shop for Lenore's clothes—and greater courage hath no man than that.

Joe and Lenore met years ago in Miami, Florida. Joe was peddling newspaper advertising then, among other things, and having a lot of hobby fun promoting and acting in a little theater in Miami of nights. The theater got to be fairly fashionable with the winter colony, and Lenore Kipp, vacationing in Miami, started taking it in. Then, as now, she was a brilliant musician, and one night Joe had to play a piano on the stage, and he couldn't even pound out chopsticks. Someone prevailed on Lenore to rip off the music backstage while Joe faked it before the footlights. They met after the performance, and that started things.

5th cousin to a sea slug...

At that point, Lenore Kipp's opinion of actors was that they rated some seven notches below a sea slug in the scale of animal life. But when she met Joe, she discovered actors can be real persons, too—if they happen to be Joe Cotten.

In fact, Lenore tumbled so hard for Joe's charm that she found herself telling him he was too good to fool around in Miami with amateur theatricals, that he ought to tackle Broadway. And Joe fell so hard for pretty Lenore that he listened and hopped a train to New York. They were married about a year later on practically no prospects. For their wedding supper they went to a Chinese chop suey joint! They lived for years in a tiny Greenwich Village apartment.

Home today for the Cottens is a comfortable Monterey type house on an oleander lined lane in Pacific Palisades beachways from Hollywood, overlooking the ocean.

It has a swell tennis court and a tidy swimming pool (both are Joe's very favorite sports). Both the inside and outside of the house show the distinctive imprint of the Cottens, although they've been there less than two years. I've never seen a more comfortably furnished house or one done in better taste. Both Joe and Lenore know nice things when they see them; scattered around are some wonderful old antique pieces Joe has collected in his home state of Virginia, and a few things he has put together himself, including the biggest bookcase you ever saw.

call me joe...

Judy's horse, Blackberry (a present from O. Welles), a cat, a canary and an amiable red Irish setter, Jack, fill out the Cotten household. Jack was a gift from Joe's friend, producer Jack Moss, so Joe called him Jack. The funny part is, he won't answer to anything else but "Joe." Joe suspects that Jack trained him that way before handing him over.

Joe Cotten gets a tremendous kick out of his home. Among his pals, he's notorious about it. Recently he went for an evening at a friend's house who lived to heck and gone away. Joe hadn't been there much more than an hour when he suggested brightly, "How about going over to my place for a drink?" The friend blew up. "That" he said, "is a pretty long way to go for a drink. For gosh sakes, Joe, can't you have any fun away from your own house?"

"Well," confessed Joe with a grin,

"frankly, no. I do try, but somehow. . ."

His idea of a perfect day is to work in the morning, have a hot set of tennis in the afternoon (he's good at it and takes it seriously), then an evening at home with some pals he likes. Joe takes no regimented care at all of his swell build which still looks about like it did when he played pro football as a youth around Washington, D. C. He eats everything he wants with a meat-and-potato appetite which never flags, likes a drink or two before dinner. But he hasn't an inch of fat and never seems to collect the stuff. Of course Joe works plenty of it off these days because he keeps going from early dawn to dusk around the studios most days. Then, too, Joe's a great night owl, burying himself in bed under books—he likes biographies best—until he drops off to sleep. Joe has good solid tastes in all things cultured—music, drama, literature and art.

duke-y dukes . . .

In all his creative comforts, Joe's an epicurean and admits it. He likes good clothes and fine food, drink and tobacco and the comforts of living. Even when his bank account was anemic in early Broadway days he always wore handmade shoes and tailored suits. He's had to cut a lot of that out since the war, of course, but before the Japs got nasty, Joe used to love to get on a train in the best space available and travel in style, keeping the porter hopping. In his early Hollywood days, when he wasn't so busy, he missed New York a lot. So he'd hop on a train and go up to San Francisco and just wander about that cosmopolitan town, staying in the best hotels, taking in all the fancy restaurants, all dressed up to kill, even to yellow chamois gloves!

Even when he's around the house today,

Joe is meticulous about his person. He's a water otter, with at least three showers and a couple of shaves a day, whether he's working or lounging. There's nothing sloppy about Joe. He's always changing clothes, and he still has a pre-war wardrobe that would knock your eye out. The point is, Joe Cotten believes that life is designed to enjoy.

Joe has never failed to click with the people he works with. He played a couple of years with Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story," and Katie, notoriously, is brittle-tempered and not exactly the pal type to her colleagues, especially when she's keyed up and on the beam in a part. But Joe is crazy about her and she him still (her picture is in his den), and he thinks the two years he spent with "The Philadelphia Story" and La Hepburn were a couple of the pleasantest in his stage life.

Of all his friends, and by now he knows most of Hollywood, Orson Welles is the closest to Joe Cotten and the guy who vibrates in tune with him more than anyone else. Orson and Joe met in New York some years ago at a radio studio. Joe had finally made a name of sorts for himself on the stage and was picking up additional chips acting on the air. He landed on one with Orson, the boy genius, and on the air another ether ham made a very funny fluff right when the plot was thickening seriously.

Orson exploded with laughter right over the air, and Joe joined in. When the show was over, they were booted together out of the studio and became firm friends!

Most people today don't know that Joe Cotten wrote a lot of the famous Welles Mercury Theater air shows. Not the famous "Men from Mars" one (Joe was out of town then, and it burnt him up to find he'd missed all the fun). For that

matter, Joe Cotten authored the script of a movie he made in Hollywood, "Journey into Fear," which was not so hot. "Journey into Fear" made Joe out on the screen as a sort of a jerk. This was later brought to his attention.

"What can you expect?" grinned Joe, "I wrote it." Both Joe and Orson would rather take pokes at themselves for their failures than let anybody else do the poking. Joe loves today to tell about the dozens of Hollywood screen tests he used to take in New York, and how lousy they all were. Once he thought he had made it. He had practically signed on the dotted line with a big studio when suddenly the deal stopped cold, and an ominous silence developed. Joe called up the director. "Yes," the Hollywood guy admitted, "we thought you were okay at first. But that egg-shaped head of yours kills it!"

houdini with a chinese accent . . .

There's nothing Joe Cotten and Orson Welles would rather do than both sprawl their six foot-plus frames out in the easy chairs at Joe's and start cooking up something daring and different. The recent servicemen's magic show is a perfect example. That started months ago when Joe and Orson, over a few snorts, started working out bigger and better magic illusions than the pro magicians could think up. Pretty soon they got all steamed up about turning Thurston and Houdini. So they went up to the California State Fair at Sacramento last year and tried out their acts, dolling themselves up in Mandarin coats and doing all the presto-change with a Chinese accent. The funny part was, they never knew how it worked because they operated in some sort of a stadium, and they were so far away from the audience nobody knew what they were doing! Undaunted, the pair of Merlins

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started all over again in Hollywood, arranged for a tiny showhouse downtown and started rehearsing. They did that for 16 weeks, nights and week-ends, then the theater got sold from underneath them, and the show had to go on in a tent. Then Rita Hayworth's studio boss refused to let her appear after the opening night, and a couple of dozen other things went wrong. But the show went on and was one of the brightest bits of soldier entertainment Hollywood has produced.

Neither considers money important. Joe in fact, is the kind of person who always has a balance of about \$1.98 in the bank and doesn't let it worry him. He's making more money than he ever did in his life right now—already he's in the four figure list—but outside, of the big chunk he puts in War Bonds every week, he's not getting rich. He's generous to a fault—the kind of person who always manages to grab the check first—and an easy touch for his improvident pals.

When Joe first came to Hollywood, a trainer in a Manhattan badminton club named "Shorty" used to write him. Joe liked Shorty as he likes everybody and he replied. In a postcard he mentioned that he was "having servant trouble."

The next thing Joe knew there was a telegram from Shorty, "Your servant troubles are over," it announced. "Am on my way to California."

shorty takes over ...

So Joe hired Shorty as his man of all jobs. Shorty took over so completely that he soon threatened to run Joe's home life for him, and finally Lenore rebelled. And now Shorty, his cockiness undiminished, is the major domo, grand vizier and manager of the Welles-Hayworth menage.

Joe Cotten by now knows dramatics backwards and forwards, and his easy going manner is a mask for solid know-how in show business that could make him a writer, director or producer tomorrow—if acting ever bored him. Right now it doesn't—nothing about it. Every part is a picnic. "Acting's a lot easier when you kid around," says Joe. "You start getting too serious and you end up with indigestion!"

Even the bothersome details of being a Hollywood star don't give Joe the yawns. He answers every one of the thousands of letters he receives and gets a kick out of his fan mail. That traces away back years ago when Joe was a poverty ridden actor, playing in a roadshow. One gloomy Sunday he unburdened himself in writing to a Hollywood star. The letter was sincere, and Joe even illustrated it with funny sketches. He thought it deserved an answer. None ever came. That burnt him up, and he resolved then and there he'd never be so rude.

There's one thing that doesn't bother him though it does most stars. Since he has become a screen star, Joe doesn't have to worry that people might think him standoffish. He couldn't be standoffish if he tried!

He has a big fire engine bell on his auto, and if he ever makes his dream tour and gets that Hollywood glamour treatment anywhere, why, he'll just clang the bell.

"If that doesn't get me an audience," grins Joe, "nothing will!"

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JOURNEY FOR JEAN PIERRE

(Continued from page 41)

we have been separated. I cannot bear it—I must write you this letter to tell you how much I miss you. . . ."

Well, that's the way his wife feels about Jean Pierre Aumont, and when you see him, you understand why. The Hollywoods are full of blond young men with handsome tans and brilliant blue eyes. Some of them can even act. "But nobody," says Maria fondly, "is like Jean Pierre."

He and Maria Montez were married in July, and you know how it is with Hollywood marriages. There are so many adjustments to make, each other's career to consider and arguments about this or that. But not with Jean and Maria. They like the same things and the same people, and besides, nobody could start an argument with Jean Pierre. He'd just grin. Jean is French, but his grin is as American as a candy bar. Faced with it, you have to grin, too, and the argument dissolves before it starts.

"Our marriage," Jean says, "is as perfect as anything could be without being dull." They do disagree on just enough things to keep from being bored. The matter of clothes, for instance. That starts a discussion once in a while.

"I pick out my own clothes," Maria announced firmly after their marriage.

"Yes, my sweet. But after you pick them, I will be the censor. I will look over the final result, and if it is not *exactly* right, I will say, 'Take off this' or 'Put on that.'"

"And I will do it," Maria promised. She does, too. "He has the very good taste, that one," she confides to friends.

This system has the additional advantage of working both ways. Maria didn't use to approve of Jean Pierre's ties.

"Oh, darling, your ties they are not right," she would sigh. So now Jean wears plain unpatterned ties, and Maria nods with complete approval.

rose-colored blinders . . .

Just before they were married, the question of perfume arose in a rather funny way. Jean had a date with Maria. He had already sent her flowers to wear, but on the way to meet her, he thought "She is so lovely—I must bring her a little present so she will kiss me and say, 'Thank you, darling!'" He stopped and bought her an enormous, and very expensive, bottle of cologne. He didn't notice that her eyebrows had gone up to here when she looked at the label on the bottle. Three days after they were married, Maria brought out the bottle and ceremoniously returned it to him, giggling like mad. It was *men's* cologne, especially recommended for after-shaving. Jean Pierre, all done up in a rose-colored cloud, had been too much in love to notice what he was buying.

They disagree wholeheartedly, but good humoredly, about hats, rouge and jewelry. "I do not like women to wear hats," Jean declares. "Their hair is so beautiful—why not display it?"

Maria likes to use rouge. Jean Pierre says no. Maria likes the kind of jewelry you can see coming. Jean Pierre's taste runs to smaller pieces of exquisite workmanship. He has designed many of them himself and done a superb job. That emerald and gold cactus pin, for instance—it would make Mr. Tiffany go green with envy. Emerald green.



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delighted. "It is simple but effective, yes?"

\$60,000 glitter . . .

She had a set of matched emeralds which was the pride of her life and which she had bought before she knew Jean. The first time she wore them, he raised a disapproving eyebrow.

"I like them!" Maria asserted defiantly. "Darling, they are too much. They are in bad taste. Especially in war time."

"Nothing," said Maria positively, "which cost sixty-thousand dollars can be in bad taste. But it is true that this is war time. I will put them away."

There is a note of authority in Jean Pierre's voice which convinces people that he knows what he's talking about. It is especially evident in connection with his profession. During his last stay in New York, he was asked to do a play on a radio program. Of course a lengthy discussion followed as to what play he should do.

"It must have the emotion as well as the drama," Jean said decisively. "And it must go like this—flic, flic, flic!" He illustrated with quick movements of his hands.

They finally settled on "Hold Back the Dawn," with Jean Pierre playing the Charles Boyer part.

Jean had been in New York for a couple of weeks then, with the fans pursuing him in ever-increasing numbers. So a special detail of police was assigned to cover his radio appearance. Jean Pierre and his press representative set out quite casually for the broadcast. They got within a block of the studio, and Jean, peering out of the taxi, said, "There has been an accident, I think. Or a fire."

"The accident's gonna be to you, chum, when you step out of this cab," the driver said. "They are autograph hounds, and when they get through grabbing 'souvenirs', you'll be lucky if you've still got your pants."

Now Jean Pierre is a very un-conceited guy for a movie star, and he didn't believe a word of this. So they drove on through the crowd and pulled up in front of the studio and got out. Did you ever go over Niagara Falls in a barrel? What happened to him next was something like that. Big Irish cops tried to rush Jean through the crowd to the door, but it was like pressing against a rubber wall. It would give a little and then bounce right back. It was pandemonium. When they finally got Aumont into the studio, he was almost in shreds. But all he could say was, "They like me! They really like me!"

Before he and Maria left Hollywood for New York, his friends gave him a terrific farewell party. The guests included all Jean and Maria's close friends—Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin, the Charles Boyers, the Gene Kellys, Richard Whorf and many more of Hollywood's most platinum plated stars. To make it gay they all put on vaudeville acts, and some were good and some were bad, but they all were funny. Finally it came Jean Pierre's turn.

"There is one thing I've always wanted to do," he announced solemnly. "That is to sing. But no one would ever let me. Tonight is my farewell party, and I am going to sing!" Sing he did, and everyone loved it. Especially Jean Pierre!

The next day he and Maria left for New York. One of the first things they did when they got there was to stage a sentimental reunion at "21"—the scene of their historic meeting where he asked her for a match and their romance began. Gravely they reserved the table Maria had occupied on that occasion. There were flowers, champagne and a general air of honeymoonism. They sat down at the

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pagne. They looked at each other like Sinatra fans gazing at The Voice.

"To you, my sweet," Jean Pierre murmured in that voice that catches at your heart. He raised his glass.

"To you, darling," Maria echoed, her eyes shining like dark candles.

no time for love . . .

That was when people started coming up to say hello. Dozens of them. Maybe hundreds. In about two minutes that super-romantic rendezvous changed into something about as private as a War Bond rally. It was fun, but you couldn't call it a tête-à-tête.

Fortunately things like that amuse Jean Pierre. Besides, he wanted to show Maria off. "My friends all approved of her," he said proudly. "It could have been so difficult, that, if they did not. But they think she is wonderful."

Maria's friends think Jean is wonderful, too. Wonderful, but mysterious. Because he isn't a man you get to know quickly. You come in the room and there he is, charming, handsome, with that intense, vibrant aliveness that is like a flame. After you have met him a few times, you are completely devoted to him, and yet you don't really know the man at all. There is a core of strength and reserve back of all the charm, and it is that core which makes him different. It gives him tremendous character, and it explains why, with everything he wants here in America, he has gone off to fight for France.

Someone at a Hollywood party asked him once why he was going. "Now, when you're just married and your career is off to such a flying start."

"I do not talk about it well," Jean said gravely. "I can not even explain. I only know what I have to do."

Yes, he has to do it, because that is the way he is made. There are things in the world that one must fight for. Truth and freedom and one's country. If that country is in the hands of the enemy, it is all the more necessary. So Jean put on the uniform of the Free French. He studied like mad those last weeks and took examinations which qualified him to serve as a lieutenant, instead of the sergeant he had been before the fall of France. He was prouder of that lieutenantancy than of any laurels his acting career had ever achieved for him. And off he went to join not a huge brilliantly organized army with all the money and power of the United States behind it, but a tiny dogged band of fighters who represent a France that will never die.

interrupted fairy tale . . .

Did Maria want to let him go? Look, if you were married to Jean Pierre Aumont, you wouldn't want to let him go away from you for three days, let alone three years, or however long it's going to take us to put Germany in her place. Of course Maria didn't want to. But she did it with a smile, as war brides are doing all over the country.

"The uniform is most becoming," she assured him. "If you had designed it yourself, it could not be better. I am very proud of you, my darling."

The imminent parting made those last days very precious. Jean and Maria were together constantly.

"It has been like a fairy tale," Jean Pierre said. "It will be like that again when I come back."

But because the "coming back" was so uncertain and so distant, they talked a lot about the past. They went over every moment, from their first meeting.

"I had a premonition—before I met you," Maria told him, with a far-away look. "The stars declared that my life, my

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Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a child feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none

at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

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emotions, would become involved that night. I thought how could this be? I was going out with an old friend, no one to stir the emotions."

"Then I came along, and you gave the old friend what they call the brush-off," Jean teased her.

"I did not! Never do I give the brush-off to anyone. But I look at you, and I think here he is—the one!"

"You mean you intended marriage, that first time we met?" Jean demanded incredulously.

"Naturally not," Maria was dignified. "I only thought 'I must know this man better.'"

So the next night, when they were to have dinner together, Maria was out to make a really super impression.

"I got out my best jewels, my most dramatic gown. It was gold lamé, and I put on not one stitch under it, so you would notice that my figure was—well, not bad!"

Jean Pierre grinned. "I noticed." "Ah, Jean, you were so exciting that night! Never in all the world has there been a man as exciting as you were."

"Were!" Jean was indignant. "What is this *were*? I suppose now I am not exciting! Now I am a bore!"

Maria laughed. "You are still so exciting, my darling, that I do not see how I stand it."

It is easy to tell what she means. Jean Pierre looks like the blond young men you 'used to see driving long, low-slung roadsters to the Yale-Harvard games. But there is more to it than that. There is an air of sureness, of worldliness, back of that youthful appearance, that is—well, perhaps Maria's word "exciting" is best.

Jean is intelligent. He reads a great deal and even writes a little.

"Just character sketches," he explains, "of our friends. I do them for fun only." But they have a curiously vivid quality which captivates everyone who reads them. Perhaps when the war is over and he comes back to America he will write a novel.

"You must write," Maria tells him positively. "Any man married to me must be a writer."

She writes, herself. Poetry. In Spanish. "She gets all fixed up, with the typewriter, looking so legal," Jean says delightedly. "I think she must be writing to her lawyer. I say 'Maria, you write something very important?' And she says 'Poetry!'"

"So then I read it to him," Maria's dark eyes gleamed with laughter. "I say 'Darling, give me your opinion.' But of course I do not really want an opinion at all. I just want to be praised."

"I do praise you, Maria! I only say sometimes to use one word instead of another."

speaking the good american . . .

"He is cute," Maria sighed. "But, would you believe it, he thinks he knows American better than I do. Why, he even corrects my accent!" She sounded pretty indignant over this. Maria's Spanish accent is as sliceable as chocolate cake, but she's convinced she's gotten rid of it entirely.

"Certainly I correct your accent," Jean said virtuously. His is French but equally sliceable. "We must speak the good American."

"Can you beat that!" Maria sat up, and her eyes flashed like a couple of Coast Guard beacons. "I speak better than you, Jean Pierre Aumont!"

Jean grinned. "You look like Kiki when you get angry," he observed.

Kiki is a small, a very small kitten. One night Jean was on the way home from a stag dinner tendered him by the

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studio. He stopped on a quiet side street to let a friend out. Suddenly something jumped into the driver's seat beside him. It was a small, furry thing. It was, in fact, Kiki. Jean looked around helplessly. There wasn't a light in any of the houses. Kiki wandered over onto his knees, dug her paws in comfortably and curled up for the night.

"I take you home to Maria," Jean said at last. "Would you like that?"

Kiki purred like mad. Obviously she thought Maria would be so nice to come home to. Maria loved her on sight, and she is still in the house in California. The day Jean and Maria left for New York, the kitten could not be found. They had to leave without finding her, and they were worried. But they had a telegram on the train, from the housekeeper. Kiki had been hiding down cellar.

"She couldn't bear to say good-by to you, Jean Pierre," Maria declared. "I will not be able to bear it, either."

"We will not say good-by," Jean told her gently. "We will say only 'au revoir.'"

So that is what they did. When Maria had to go back to the Coast, Jean Pierre went to Chicago with her, and there they parted. Later he returned to New York and soon set off for "an unknown destination."

What will Maria do while he's gone? Just what you would do if you were married to a soldier. Work very, very hard, write him every day, act as hostess at canteens. But the canteen work in Maria's case isn't going to involve dancing. Because she and Jean Pierre made a solemn pact. Neither of them would dance with anyone else till they meet again. So if a handsome corporal asks Maria to try a rumba with him, and she turns him down, that's the reason. And if in some far off bistro in Algiers or Morocco, Jean Pierre's friends wonder why he wastes his short leave standing alone at the bar instead of dancing, that's the reason. And some day, some time, these two will dance together again.

IT COMES UP LOVE

(Continued from page 55)

sophisticates. (Matthew Duffin, incidentally, is currently a lieutenant in the U. S. Army.)

Don and the Duffins used to try out fancy dance steps together; Don thought they were groovy and told them so, a habit that endears him to theatrical people who are accustomed to friendly disparagement from their co-headliners.

When The Blackouts of 1941, '42, '43, '44 (the show will probably go on forever) was first placed in rehearsal in Hollywood, the Duffins were promptly included in the cast. Don went to the El Capitan Theater to watch tryouts, and Joyce Duffin introduced him to a girl who was also trying out.

The girl appeared to have a beautiful chum with large brown eyes and auburn hair. "Who zat?" Mr. O'Connor, whose attention had been magnetized, whispered furiously.

She was the daughter of the orchestra leader, and she smiled at Don—when they were introduced—in a manner that reminded him of stories about spring breaking over the Yukon River. Her name was Gwen Carter, and she was not theatrical, but still a student at L. A. High. She was 17. And just about the time dazzled Donald was getting up enough courage to ask for a date, Gwen and her girl friend left.

Left furthermore without Don's getting

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Those two had been the town's gayest, most devoted young couple. But now you seldom saw them together—and she went about with smiling lips but tragic eyes.

The truth was that lovely young Mrs. Smith was losing her husband's love . . . the tragic part was she didn't know why!

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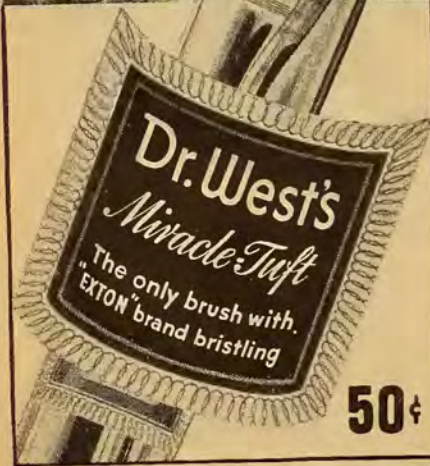


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her telephone number. A crisis, indeed. He looked through a Los Angeles telephone directory. There were six full columns of Carters. He wondered vaguely how a creature so unique could have so many relatives.

Came now New Year's night, 1943. Attending the same party at which Donald was having his usual wonderful time, was a girl who chanced to mention—in casual conversation—the magical name "Gwen Carter."

"You mean you know her?" queried Donald, hearing the angels sing.

"Wanna make something of it?" kidded the girl.

"Say, I'd really like to have her telephone number."

The girl was true to her club, The Amalgamated Order of Womankind. "I'll have to ask Gwen if it's all right with her before I can give you the number," she demurred.

Don hit on an instant solution. "If she doesn't want to give out her telephone number, ask her if she'll telephone me. I want to ask her to have dinner with me some time soon."

Gwen, when confronted by this bit of news, refused to telephone an utter stranger. But she had seen "Mr. Big" and thought it might be nice to know the guy about whom a good many of her friends were raving. She told her girl friend that it would be all right to give Donald the Carter dial combination.

puddle-jumper de luxe . . .

So Don called one evening. He talked casually about his mother, with whom he lives, and about his niece, Patsy. He explained that he had a car, but that it was strictly non-Doheny Drive. It was a couple of '37 Fords, strung together with bailing wire, binding twine and glue. Would she mind riding in the O'Connor coffee grinder out to Casa d'Amour for an Italian dinner?

It sounded super to Gwen.

After dinner they went to Grauman's Chinese to a movie. Nowadays they can't exactly remember what the picture was, but their general impression is that it was a ten-star effort of genius. It was one of the best pictures ever made, they recall opalescently, despite the fact that their attention was directed more frequently to left and right than it was to the screen.

When the picture was over, Don had to rush Gwen home at a rate of speed short of the ULTIMATE wartime limit by only so much as the length of a crocodile's conscience. Gwen's family is very particular about the hours to be kept by a girl still in high school.

"How about tomorrow night? Dinner and maybe a dance or two?" Don suggested as he rushed Gwen to the door.

"Seven o'clock," agreed Gwen.

They went to Chinatown. They parked the O'Connor-Ford Special on North Broadway between a Cadillac and a Lincoln.

Chinatown is fun. The streets are filled with shopping tourists beating their way through the fragrance of a dozen different types of Oriental incense. A Chinese fortune-teller bangs with a muted mallet on a deep-voiced brass gong and calls out fragments of the future. The mechanical melodies of a juke box cry out their rhythm in controversy with half a dozen second-story orchestras.

Gwen and Don ate French fried shrimps, egg foo yung, almond duck, chicken chow mein and fried rice. They wrote, "Having wonderful time, wish you were here," on several of the colored post cards provided by the restaurant and mailed them to certain local acquaintances. In a carnival mood they returned to the car. Abruptly

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tire was flatter than an ungummed postage stamp.

help wanted—grasshoppers...

Don had no jack. Not the kind for which a holdup gets put behind bars, but the kind with which you hold up cars. He figured. He perspired. Finally the owner of the car parked directly behind Don's equipage reappeared from Chinatown and offered the use of his jack. Unfortunately, Don's car was built too near the pavement for the jack to be effective. Don thanked the Samaritan, who drove away.

Another motorist parked in the space, and he too offered the use of a jack. Again, it couldn't be depressed enough. "What I need," moaned Don, "is a pair of good stout grasshoppers with rugged muscles on their hind legs."

Gwen suggested that they take a street-car to her house, telephone a towing service and so have the car serviced. Through Don's mind flashed the farewell flutter of large denomination currency doing Immelman turns over the western horizon. "Well... let's wait a minute. Maybe I'll think of something."

Enter: three G. I. joes. "In trouble, bub?" they wanted to know.

Don allowed as how he was.

"Stand back," they said, getting the situation well in hand.

Two of them hoisted the car while one removed the wheel, then replaced the flat with the luckily inflated spare. Don tried to thank them. He tried to pay them. He tried to buy them a soda... or something. They said, "Aw, skip it, bub."

However, Don secured their names and addresses. Two of them have been shipped out of the district, but one of the Samaritans is still in Southern California. He has visited Don twice on the set... it's the beginning of a permanent friendship. That's the way Don is—do him a good turn, and he's your pal forever.

There's another trait of O'Connor's that his girl friends usually discover very early in their dating days with Don: He has a hideous time trying to get anywhere on time. His degree of lateness runs all the way from five minutes (by a miracle) to an hour.

During the third week of their romance, Don had a dinner date with Gwen. He knew, when he passed a drug store on which the electric clock was still functioning, that he was about 15 minutes late. By rapid calculation and a psychic suspicion of lurking speed cops, he came to the conclusion that he was going to be half an hour late. So he decided to squander another five minutes and try to patch up the 35 minutes by guile. He parked, bought a small stuffed panda and was back in gear in the prescribed five minutes.

The sight of the panda completely robbed Gwen of the rebuke she had been rehearsing. "This time, you're forgiven," she said in a mollified tone.

A week later, that same drugstore clock warned Don that he was going to be 45 minutes late. So he bought a Crazy Wabbit... complete with cotton carrot... and attached a card around its neck reading, "Larger animal for a longer wait. Sorry."

Then, one night, he arrived with a panda about three feet high. But perhaps we shouldn't go into that. He hasn't been more than a teeny minute or two late since, because Gwen pointed out that her room would scarcely accommodate another animal and that her patience was considerably crowded, too.

A few days later, after having worked steadily for more months than you could cram into a remake of "Lost Horizon," Don finally had a day off. A beautiful, va-

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BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

was to spend some time in the portrait gallery, talk to his agent, give two interviews and have his car checked from fog light to exhaust.

He hookeyed the works. Yea, he went AWOL. He had been thinking about his free day for a long time, and he had ideas about it. Thoughtfully, he rode to Los Angeles and walked briskly into the establishment of the most famous of West Coast jewelers. "I want to see," he said, swallowing carefully, "an engagement ring."

By no means did he select the first ring he was shown. He looked them over, remembering the shape of Gwen's hands and wondering whether this design would be better... or maybe that... or the other... But, like love, when you see the right one, all doubts vanish. His selection was a fetching number: a large center diamond set in platinum and surrounded by baguette stones.

When he had planned this purchase, Don had always imagined that the actual selection of the ring would represent the big problem. Now, with the square velvet box in his pocket, he realized that the big decision was just coming up over the hill... like a truck on the wrong side of the highway when you're driving a pogo stick.

How was he going to present the ring to Gwen? And when? And where?

He wanted it to be something pretty special. A moment to remember forever, although he was too groovy to admit such a sentiment in solid words. He decided to have a coke while thinking it over.

After five cokes he was no nearer a solution so he decided to let the thing work itself out. They were going to the Florentine Gardens that night for dinner and dancing. Somehow, he'd find a way to make the presentation... if his excitement didn't catapult him into saying prematurely, "Here, Gwennie, take a gander at the glitter." Oh, fine!

He managed to keep the contents of his pocket a military secret when he called for Gwen—she was looking like a half-pint of heaven—and afterward during the drive to the Florentine. They were shown to their table just a few moments before the lights dimmed down and a spot was turned on the flag. The band went into the opening bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Throughout the room, servicemen snapped to rigid attention; somewhere a clear, sweet soprano uttered the pulse-pounding words.

Thinking, "A year from now I'll probably be in the uniform of an aviation cadet," Don reached through the darkness to take Gwen's hand. A small, warm, soft hand that nestled confidently in his own wide paw. Then he had his inspiration. Reaching into his pocket, he extracted the ring and slipped it onto the third finger of Gwen's left hand.

When the lights went on, she glanced inquiringly at Don, then looked down at her hand. "Oh, Don!" she said, lowering her head quickly so that none should see the quick, delighted tears.

blueprint for the future...

They left the Florentine rather early that night, drove to Gwen's house and parked in front. They had a lot of talking to do about the future. They couldn't be married, they agreed, for two years. Gwen had to finish high school. Don had to complete his pre-flight studies and get into the Air Corps.

They talked a little bit about the possibility of Gwen having a career. Like most girls, she wouldn't refuse a screen test; neither would she do back flips and forward gainers at the idea of a screen career. As Don put it later to an inquiring friend, "Practically everyone likes the idea of being an actor or an actress, but

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Gwen thinks that she'd a little rather have a home and children."

They talked about other things, too. A new car, for instance. Don was afraid that his Ford-Ford wasn't quite the buggy in which to take out a girl like Gwen. "You're more the golden coach with six white horses type," he allowed.

"The car doesn't matter—just as long as we're together," she said softly.

dream wagon . . .

It was the right answer, but Don had his own idea. He had seen a super duper, world-beater of an English car in a dealer's window. A Jaguar '38, to be specific. It had a dark blue paint job and scarlet leather pneumatic seats. Right hand drive, squatty fuselage . . . everything.

He had talked about it to his mother so much that she finally said, "Don, you have a birthday next week. Let's buy that whatchamacallit car for you."

His whoop was still dying on the afternoon air when he turned into the dealer's driveway. How much? Satisfactory. Dotted line? Yeah, man. "You may have some trouble getting used to the right hand drive."

"Not me, mister. I've been driving this car in my sleep." And away he went, a bright blue streak with crimson upholstery. He was aimed at the Carter house.

Gwen was awed. She walked around, exclaiming and touching the wealth of chromium with a delicate finger. After a bit she asked tentatively, "What are you going to do with the Ford-Ford? Sell it?"

Don shook his head. "I don't think I'll ever part with it. Sometimes you and I will take a trip in it. Golly, it's too filled with sentiment and memories to sell."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," Gwen admitted with a happy sigh. "That's what I had hoped you'd say."

Time rolled on. Don finished "Top man," "This Is The Life" and "The Third Glory." Finally, another of those rare free periods catapulted Mr. O'Connor into Maurice's (far-famed custom jeweler) where he had seen a heart-shaped topaz ring.

"For my girl's birthday," he confided. "Don't you think you should bring the young lady in and let us size the ring?" Maurice suggested.

"Nope. I want to surprise her exactly on her birthday."

Two entire weeks before Gwen's birthday, and he already had possession of her present! It was to smirk!

He stopped at a drive-in, killing time with a turkey sandwich and a malt. She wouldn't be out of school until 2:30, but at 2:10 he was parked outside L. A. High. And he was holding the car door open for her when Gwen descended the stairs. "Hi, beautiful," he said casually.

"What are you grinning about? You're up to something. You can't fool me."

So he had a secret. So it was his affair. He wasn't going to tell her one single thing until The Day. He wasn't going to give her a hint. Nor ask her how she liked heart-shaped rings. Absolutely not.

He still doesn't know how it happened that he flipped the box into Gwen's outstretched palms after shouting, "Here—catch!" Just one of those flukes.

But a guy can't be expected to keep a secret forever, especially when he's kept it for three full hours.

Gwen did receive one surprise for her birthday, however. Her mother had arranged to have an autographed picture of Don framed for Gwen's room. The inscription, in Don's small, careful script, was a long one having to do with the times they've had together, the laughs, the dances, the snacks at drive-ins, the double dates with Peg Ryan and her fiancé, and ended, "I'll be seeing you on the set."

Definitely a love set.

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ARDSLEY STUDIOS 1501 BROADWAY Dept. N-1 New York

HOW'S YOUR BEAUTY RATING?

(Continued from page 68)

13. Rinse your flimsy things in rich . . . if you'd hit the jackpot on personal daintiness.

14. A clothes brush for your suits, dresses and coats is as important to neatness as Betty Grable is to . . .

15. Wispy, straggly hair ends only distract, they never . . . So gather up stray ends with bobbie pins and tiny tuck combs.

16. You'll spread the old allure if you dab a bit of . . . behind each ear, on your wrists and at your hairline.

17. A . . . for your toes is as necessary as a manicure for your fingertips.

18. Your wintertime make-up, foundation base, lipstick and rouge should . . . as well as the Boswell sisters.

19. . . . is the seven letter word that adds sparkle to your eyes.

20. A pretty smile goes a long way, so . . . your teeth three times a day.

Good gracious, good-grooming is simple! After filling in this quiz, you'll agree that there's no excuse for a sloppy appearance when it's so easy to look attractive and well-put together. Now that you know the answers, let's see that you practice 'em. It isn't always the beautiful gal who walks away with the laurels, but more often "Miss Personality" who has chic and charm, who knows what to do with her potential beauty (who doesn't go to the office with her slip showing!).

One more word . . . we honestly hope each and every one of you score a glamorous 100%!

ANSWERS

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Bathtub | 11. Polish |
| 2. Bath Salts | 12. Un- |
| 3. Soap | 13. Suds |
| 4. Cologne | 14. Harry James |
| 5. Deodorant | 15. Attract |
| 6. Depilatory | 16. Perfume |
| 7. Cream | 17. Pedicure |
| 8. Shampoo | 18. Harmonize |
| 9. Hair Brush | 19. Mascara |
| 10. Hand Lotion | 20. Brush |

JUDY CRIED HER HEART OUT

(Continued from page 51)

wasn't the point. Yes, she was tired, but what of it? Greer Garson and Kathryn Grayson were going—giving up the chance of seeing their husbands, both scheduled for September furloughs. If you wanted to talk about sacrifice, that was a sacrifice. She was only tired.

They were due to leave the following night, so she had to hustle. Clothes. She'd worn out her own on the camp tour, so M-G-M let her have some of the things she'd used in pictures. A white crepe with a blue-and-white checked apron. A black velvet skirt and some sheer blouses to go with it. A couple of formals, just in case. The other girls were taking evening clothes for the stage, but she hated to work in long dresses.

Then to the music department, to pick up some numbers. "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" for an opener. A medley of Gershwin's "Embraceable You" and "The Man I

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JANUARY 14-31

Love." Iturbi was going, so she took their popular number from "As Thousands Cheer"—"The Joint is Really Jumpin' down at Carnegie Hall." No time to get arrangements. They'd have to be made on the train.

She packed slacks for the train. And books. You could do a lot of reading in 21 days. And pads and pencils, so she and her sister Jimmy and her friend Betty of the publicity department could play word-games. She never found time to open a book, and after the first two days there were no more word-games.

She took the gargle that's her old standby. Always gets you through a show, if your throat threatens to give out. Pretty soon all the girls were using it. Betty Hutton. Kit Grayson. Lucille Ball. They'd come running with their mouths open just before they went on, and Judy'd pour in a generous slug.

Finally, she took bath salts. They're her weakness. She likes her bath to smell real pretty, says Judy. Only trouble was, you couldn't have a bath till you reached the hotel, and she kept leaving her salts on the train. It got to be a running gag. A wail would go up. "I forgot—"

"My bath salts," Jimmy and Betty would choruse.

She bought bath salts in every town they played and brought back a collection to last her six months.

The train was their home. They slept on it every night but one. Diner and two lounge cars—used as rehearsal rooms—were in the center, sleepers at either end. It was definitely not a luxury train. Soot seeped in over the old-fashioned plush and mahogany. Dick Powell showed them how to protect their clothes by hanging them from the baggage rack, sheets fore and aft. Judy, a bug on cleanliness, kept scrubbing out the bathroom—and fifteen minutes later it was dirty again.

The routine reminded her of one-night stands with her sisters in small-time vaudeville long ago. Except that she didn't play to million-dollar houses then, and what the audiences yelled wasn't always so complimentary.

routine en route . . .

Having gone to bed late, they'd get up around 10:30. Judy breakfasted in her compartment, a half hour's peace before the hurly-burly started. Orange juice, French toast and coffee. And she gained five pounds to add to the five she'd gained on her camp tour. For two years she's been trying in vain to put on weight. Dashing madly round the country for eight weeks, she succeeded. Why, nobody knows. Her own sage conclusion is, "Be patriotic and get fat."

At 11:45 they'd gather in the lounge car. Mickey Rooney'd come through, yelling: "Daily Roomer! Get your daily Roomer here!" and hand out slips with the numbers of hotel rooms. At 12 they'd leave the train. Fifteen minutes for the cameramen, then through the milling crowd to the jeeps outside. Each jeep was driven by a soldier and carried a performer's name. Each performer perched himself on the back of his jeep for the two-hour parade up and down the streets of the town.

It was hot in most places, so Judy wore suntan for stockings, kicked off her shoes and rode barefoot. In Boston the crowd got so enthusiastic that they broke through the ropes and yanked her right off the car, bare feet and all! A soldier hoisted her back. They were parading in Washington the day Italy surrendered. The committee car called the news to the car behind, and each car tossed it to the next, till they were all shouting, "Italy surrenders!" and the people on the sidelines were shouting it joyously back.



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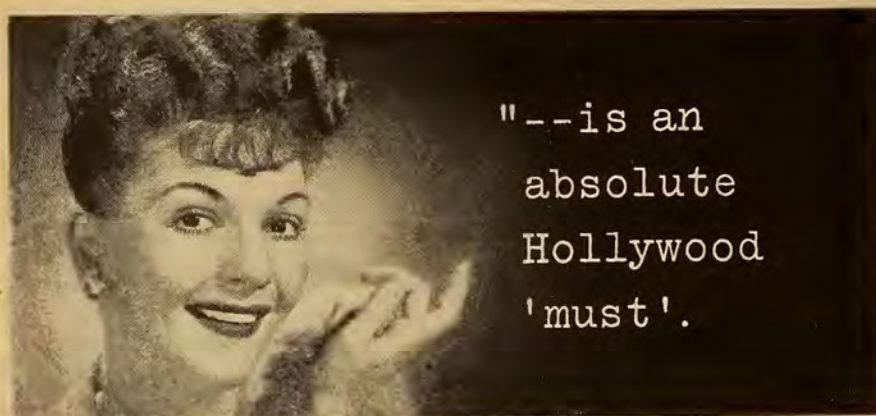
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tough stuff...

The only tough part of the parade was smiling. You *had* to smile. If you stopped, the kids would yell, "Come on, smile for us, Judy." When you smile for two hours, your face starts to hurt. The minute they were alone, they'd all start massaging the ache out of their cheeks.

Around three they were dropped at the hotel. Then, a 45-minute session with the press. Then to their rooms and the highlight of the day—a bath. MPs were stationed outside the rooms to ward off the curious, but telephones remained unguarded. Judy's rang one day as she was running her bath. Up spoke a young voice. "There's a bunch of us down in the lobby from the junior high school. We'd like your autograph."

"I'm afraid I can't manage it right now." "Oh, Miss Garland, didn't you see 'The Youngest Profession'?"—Well, then, you ought to understand."

"I do understand, honey," sighed Judy. "But if I don't take a bath, I'll lose more fans than I'll win."

For some reason, Cagney and Astaire always got the best suite. The girls had it figured out. "These hotel people believe everything they hear about movie actresses. They think we'd start clawing if one of us got a better room than another. So they stick us all into these linen closets, and you boys get the gravy." To even things up, they'd gather in the Cagney-Astaire suite for sandwiches, while Two-Bear Iturbi—as they called him lovingly—played dinner music. Then it was time to pack bags, pile into busses and head for the auditorium.

The show had been put together by Eddie Buzzell. Kay Kyser opened it with a medley of service songs and acted as emcee throughout. Cagney sang and danced and recited a poem about bonds. Dick Powell sang. Harpo Marx donned his red wig—nobody ever recognized him without it—and put on one of his loony chases, with Lucille Ball as victim. Then Lucille sang, Astaire danced and Kathryn Grayson sang. Then Greer Garson made a little speech, topping it with an announcement of the evening's figure and the total bond sale to date.

This came as no surprise to the troupe. The minute they got in, they'd start clamoring, "What's the figure tonight?" If it was only \$14,000,000, they'd grumble, "Bad house." Actually, there were no bad houses—only smaller or larger houses. Their quota had been set at half a billion. They more than tripled it. By the time they got home, they'd rolled up a grand total of \$1,800,000,000 in bonds.

Garson was followed by Iturbi, who was followed by Henreid. For Henreid, Kay had a special routine. All along the parade line, when the girls caught sight of Warners' romantic threat, the reaction was the same. Out shot their arms and Ooooooo! they'd shriek. Then, "Light a cigarette for me, Paul."

So Kay would say, "Now for the ladies we have—" the band would break into "As Time Goes By" and out would come Paul. Kay lighted two cigarettes and handed him one, and the audience swooned or roared, depending on gender. When the foolery was over, Paul read them a moving letter from a Free French soldier.

Then came Betty Hutton, who knocked herself out so that for ten minutes after every performance she'd sit limp and gasping in the wings while they brought her to with cold-water applications. Judy followed Hutton and, after her encore with Iturbi, introduced Mickey who did his imitations. But people wanted them together. "Where's Judy?" they'd yell to Mickey at the parades. "Where's Mickey?"

they'd yell to Judy. The first audience yelled for "Me and My Gal." Mickey didn't know it, so Judy tried to cue him, taking one line and feeding him the next. It was good for a laugh that night, but hardly what you'd call a professional performance. So in an empty dining room next day they dreamed up a dance to the tune of "How About You?" and the boys faked the music. It was promptly incorporated into the show, for there wasn't an audience that didn't insist on a joint number from the two.

Then the whole company lined up on the stage, and the house lights went on. You'd know there were lots of people out there but, with the spotlight in your face, you couldn't see them. Now suddenly you did—row on row, stretching back and back, farther than your eyes could reach—your fellow-Americans, all there because they believed in what you believed in, all there in a common cause. They rose quietly as the bugles blew, and three service men carried the colors down the aisle. And then, as you all sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" together, came that surge of love and pride in your country, warming your heart, swelling your throat. It was like a bond forged, like a wordless pledge exchanged, welding many into one—it was the evening's high moment, and Judy always felt a pang of regret when it ended, a wish that they could all hang on forever to the feeling it gave them.

no rain checks . . .

In New Orleans they had to forego that triumphant finale. New Orleans was two feet under water, and the rain still coming down strong. They played in raincoats in the open Sugar Bowl, but for safety's sake, the Bowl had to be emptied as quickly as possible. So while Judy and

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 85)

1. Cinema corporal
2. Johnny Eager
3. In Southern saga
4. Educated feet
5. Art-y
6. Oscar-copper
7. Paramount's Rommel
8. Cowboy crooner
9. Born in Tokyo
10. Boston engineer
11. Mercury Theater player
12. Sings for her supper
13. Freckle-faced redhead
14. Frankenstein
15. Long and lean
16. Sons of fun
17. Honorable discharge
18. M-G-M's thrush
19. Torrid
20. "Hotcha"

(Answers on page 112)

Mickey and Kay did the final number, the others were sneaked into the bus. "We can't do this to them," Betty Hutton wailed. "It's like leaving your best friends on Corregidor."

Back on the train, their midnight dinner would be followed by a social interlude in the lounge. Astaire and Kay Kyser played gin rummy clear across the continent. Over the roar of the wheels, Kathryn Grayson and Judy and Dick Powell sang "Rigoletto," and couldn't talk at all the following morning. Betty Hutton enlarged Kathryn's repertoire by teaching her "Murder! He says." She took pride

in her pupil's aptness. "Be sure you tell Louis B. Mayer you know a nice new song."

Once a week they'd hit a town where the girls could have their blouses laundered. Every night they did their own stockings and lingerie, and every night the doctors would go through, calling: "Sleeping pills? Anyone want sleeping pills?" At best, it was hard to sleep on the train and, at worst, impossible. Judy became convinced that the engineer deliberately waited till the middle of the night to do his fanciest jarring. There's one night her pals won't let her forget.

Jolted and banged and tossed like a cockleshell at sea, she finally got mad and stormed out in search of the porter. "What does this train think it's doing anyway? And whatever it's doing, tell it to stop."

From behind Mickey's curtains came a sardonic haha! "You tell it, Garland. Or sing it a lullaby. The porter's got nothing to do with how the train runs."

Poor Judy apologized profusely next morning, and the porter consoled her. "Don't you mind, Miss Garland. In your place, I'd've acted likewise."

cheers for the mick . . .

But there were pleasanter memories: The surprise for Mickey's birthday, when they all filed into the diner and deposited on his table beautifully wrapped gifts from the Five-and-Dime—then sang "Happy Birthday" as the waiter appeared with a big candle-lit cake. Judy vows she's never seen the Mick so close to tears. They lived to regret at least one of their gifts, however. Mickey drove them insane, dropping his fake spider down under their noses.

There was also Harpo and his honking horn. He took particular delight in sneaking up on Greer Garson with it. But in

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. . . it was one of those triangle affairs, so the hero shot the villain, and said "Just make it Pepsi-Cola for two."

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that lady he met his match. She grabbed it one day and batted him over the head with a mighty honk! "That'll teach you that I can play slapstick, too. Or did you think, like so many, that I'm a walking cathedral?"

The boys at Randolph Field didn't think so. Every Wednesday Kay Kyser had to do his regular broadcast, so the Cavalcade show was put on from 7 to 9. On that particular Wednesday Kay was airing his show for the 5000 cadets at the field, and the others went along as his guests. It was very hot, and they were very tired. "No entertaining, remember," the committee had said. "Just tell them hello." But when the boys yelled for Astaire to dance, of course he danced. And when they yelled for Greer to say something, she stood up beside Kay and said:

"Well, boys, you've caught me with my skirts down. I can't sing or dance for you but—you keep 'em flying and we'll keep 'em buying." With which she gave Kay a big kiss, and the boys went wild.

Nor would you have recognized Mrs. Miniver in the Garson who sang a blues trio with Judy and Lucille on the train one night. It was called the Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues, and the girls had whipped it up themselves in a couple of hours, from an idea of Judy's. Gravely they faced their audience, and here's what came out:

All: We're three little maids from Hollywood,
We want to do things we never should.
They never let us have our fling.
We always do the same old thing.

Judy: I'm Mickey Rooney's girl friend.
Greer: I'm Walter Pidgeon's wife.
Lucille: I'm Red Skelton's sidekick.
All: And we're stuck with them for life.
Judy: I sing to Mr. Gable, but he's never really there.

I'm longing to enchant him with sophisticated flair,
But every time I turn around—
Andy Hardy's in my hair!

All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.

Greer: I'd love to go cavorting with some charming Mr. Deeds,
And slink around in modern gowns with several well-placed beads.

But all I get is bustles—flannel nighties—widows' weeds!

All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.

Lucille: I'd love to play dramatic roles with diction terse and clipped,
To chew the scenery into shreds with stark and somber script,
But I'm always with Red Skelton, being flipped and tripped and stripped!

All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.

All: What good is versatility,
When we can't show our ability
To do the sort of thing we would enjoy.

Greer: I'm stuck with domesticity

Lucille: And I with burlesquicity

Judy: And I'm so goshdarned busy being coy.

Greer: I'm Garson!

Judy: I'm Garland!

Lucille: I'm Ball!

All: Three girls who are tired of it all.
We can't get away from those three leading men,
We finish up a picture, then we're with them again.

Greer: In aprons!

Lucille: In spangles!

Judy: In socks!

All: Three leopards who can't change their

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Judy: At least we're eatin'—
Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

Lucille: Is that so bad?
Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

Greer: Maybe we're lucky?
Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

"Spocks" had been "spots" originally.
"But it doesn't rhyme," Judy protested.
"Make it spocks," advised Greer, "and call it poetic license."

With appropriate gestures it brought the house down, and the committee was all for sticking it into the show. Couldn't be done, though. No time to arrange music. They're talking now of building an M-G-M revue around it.

Henreid came in for a lot of kidding. Judy, Jimmy and Betty constituted themselves his razzers-in-chief, called him Paul Henatra, ran up in a body, shooting their arms out and going, "Ooooooh!" Gave him whole packs of cigarettes to light at a time. He retaliated by addressing them as the Andrew Sisters and dosing their colds. One or the other was always down with a cold. It wasn't enough for Paul to provide the medicine. He had to stand by till they took it. And if there's anything more unglamorous than a girl in the act of applying a nose spray, these three didn't know what it was.

"You're just trying to get back at us."
"I just don't want you to be sick. Now blow."

Judy did have one glamorous evening, though, in Chicago. It was the one time she wore a formal—because they were playing to 135,000 people at Soldiers Field.

HOW'S YOUR CONSCIENCE?

Does a persistent little voice keep butting into things that are none of its business . . . setting you straight a hundred times a day? Does it keep nudging you to phone your local Red Cross chapter and make a date to give your blood? Bet you slap your conscience right back in place with, "Sure, some day!" Well, that some day's now, right this minute. A guy you know, a beau or maybe a brother, may be praying for that blood—may need it to stay alive. Gonna keep him waiting?

Finding that the train wouldn't pull out till 1, they all went to the Blackstone together for dinner. The orchestra played what is probably Judy's favorite song in the world—"Vienna, City of My Dreams." She started humming it.

"How do you know that song?" asked Paul.

"I have the Tauber record. I always keep sticking my ear down, trying to catch the German words."

So he taught them to her. By that time the orchestra had swung into a medley of Viennese waltzes. "Now that you can sing a Viennese song, maybe you'd like to dance a Viennese dance—"

"I don't know how."

"Just hang on."

star-spangled night . . .

She decided it was more fun than straight dancing—the lovely lilt of the melody, the unexpected turns and reverses, the floaty feeling. They must have been good, too. Everyone cleared the floor

to watch and applaud, and in her bouffant silver-blue lace, Judy felt oh! so old-world and continental.

But it was from unromantic Pittsburgh that she brought back the memory which will live with her longest. They'd just sat down to dinner on the train after the show, when Mickey appeared, his face grave and a little strained.

"Look, folks," he said. "I know you're tired and I know your food'll get cold, but there's a trainload of sailors leaving for an embarkation point, and they'd love to see you guys. Would you come?"

The windows of the other train were choked with young faces. As the members of the troupe stepped down, Mickey introduced them. "Here's Kathryn Grayson—here's Jimmy Cagney—" Each time, a welcoming shout went up. Harpo came out last. He'd stopped for his wig—

They walked alongside the cars, talking, shaking hands, signing caps. Astaire did some of his classiest stepping, and Betty Hutton sang "Murder!" with no accompaniment but the chortles of her audience. In the midst of all this, the troop train gave a sudden jerk. It was leaving—

The group on the platform fell silent. Into the hush Dick Powell's tenor broke; "Anchors aweigh, aweigh—" As by one impulse, the others linked arms and joined him, and the gobs picked it up. For a moment they faced each other—home front and fighting front, singing together—then the train pulled out. White caps waved good-by. Over the racket of wheels and engine the old Navy song floated back—fainter and fainter and died away.

For once the diner was quiet that night. No singing, no jokes. For once they broke up right after the meal. What the others did, Judy doesn't know. For herself, she climbed into bed, burrowed her nose in the pillow and cried her heart out.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

so bid on it. He thought from the instant accompaniment that his cause was lost. Not to be put off by competition, Mister Carson went into the bidding with teeth, tongue and tenacity. Each time he thought he had triumphed, a small voice from the extreme opposite side of the room overbid him. It was enough to cost a man his last penny. Jack gave up and glowered in the general direction of his apparently millionaire competitor.

The lovely lady who tripped up to the auction block to claim her prize was Mrs. Jack Carson.

Chiller-Diller:

He had been with the Navy during the Guadalcanal landings; his boat, considerably smaller than a cruiser, had been named—because of her trim lines and beautiful performance—"Paulette." So, when Seaman O'Brien appeared at Paramount and asked to meet Miss Goddard, everyone thought it was a great idea.

He spent some time on the set where Paulette was working in a picture ironically titled "I Love a Soldier." As the sailor was leaving, he presented Miss Goddard with a silver ring set with turquoise stones.

"I love Indian jewelry," she enthused. "This is simply lovely. I'll wear it constantly and that's a promise. Did you happen to get it at the Indian House in Albuquerque?"

The sailor pursed his lips. "Well, not exactly. I took it off the finger of a Japanese pilot whom we shot down over Guad. The pilot, by the way, was a girl."

Paulette stared at the ring. "But how on earth did she ever get hold of an obviously American Indian ring?" she wanted to know.

The seaman shrugged. "We saw plenty of mysterious things out there," was the only comment he had to offer.

Mush Brush:

So you think you have troubles! Yet it's safe to wager that you've never gone to the door one evening, dressed in your chifton formal, with ten yards of frou-frou in your hair, only to be faced by an escort wearing, among other things, a five o'clock shadow thicker than the Australian bush.

It happened to Anne Baxter, and the fur-bearing boy friend was Bill Eythe, camouflaged for his role in "The Eve of St. Mark." Anne said severely, "If you think we're going out to dinner with you looking like a junior G. B. Shaw, you're mistaken. Sit down."

Taking scissors in hand, Anne whipped out a nice Van Dyke for Mr. Eythe. We refrain from telling you what the 20th Century make-up department said the next morning when it had to piece in Bill's beard so that he would match the previous day's shooting.

Foiled:

Very soon now the name William Eythe is going to be a household word in the United States. He would also like to have it written on a hotel register in Mexico City. The fulfillment of this ambition is fraught with pitfalls having to do with our first statement about the chap whose name—for your information—rhymes with blithe.

The moment he finished his work in "Song of Bernadette," he bought an airline ticket to Mexico City, packed his bags and innocently answered the telephone while the taxi was waiting to take him to the airport. An error.

The studio was calling: He mustn't leave town as he had been cast in and must start immediate work on "The Eve of St. Mark."

He finished "Eve" (our apologies to Adam), bought another Good Neighbor ticket and had one foot on the transport steps when he was again summoned to the telephone. To

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

wit: He mustn't leave town because he had just been cast and must instantly go to work in "Woodrow Wilson."

We'll keep you posted when he finishes this picture. Seems the script department has another goodie lined up, whereas Mr. Eythe is seeking to buy an efficient brand of disappearing powder.

Reverential:

This is a simple story about one of the ways in which motion pictures are made. It is about a walled garden in which carefully tended flowers grow in great mounds of color, a garden to which swallows return each spring. It is a story about a gentle, kindly priest who is nearly 73 years old:

The second company, or location group, which is making "Tomorrow's Harvest" for Paramount, had arranged to film a series of scenes in the lovely gardens of Mission San Juan Capistrano. For several years the priests who live at the mission had felt the need for a new chapel. By renting their garden to the studio for a given number of days, they found that they were going to be financially able to build the long-prayed-for chapel.

The picture company arrived one morning, complete with cameras, lights, dollies, microphones and the rest of the diverse paraphernalia of picture making. Having set up, preparatory to shooting, they were unable to unroll even so much as a foot of film because of the heavy overcast. The workmen simply sat in the shelter of the mission arches and waited.

In the afternoon, the priest—puzzled—approached Frank Borzage, the director, and asked why no use was being made of this

obviously expensive preparation. When he was told that no footage could be shot until the sun came out, he shook his head. "I didn't understand," he said in a rich, time-steeped voice. "I shall go have a talk with my boss."

The next morning the sun came out, radiant and clear. The work went forward rapidly.

When the priest emerged late in the afternoon, Director Borzage asked reverently, "Do you mind telling me, Father, what you said to the Boss?"

"Not in the least," beamed the priest. "I explained that you were providing our new chapel so you must be fine people. And I asked Him kindly to speed your work as He had so speedily answered our prayers for the chapel."

Quickies:

Did you know that Frank Sinatra is having his teeth prettied? It will cost the studio several thousand dollars, but they feel it will be well worth it. This news should encourage the many high school actors and actresses who write to Hollywood authorities, asking what can be done to gain a dazzling star-trade-mark smile. Answer: See your dentist.

Although Betty Hutton, while on camp tour in Tucson, received three dozen gorgeous red roses from Charles Martin, she insists that she is entirely disengaged.

Dinah Shore, now Mrs. George Montgomery, carries a small hairbrush in her bag, in place of the usual comb, and repairs any damage to her coiffure by a bit of brisk brushing.

When shooting was finished on "Two Sis-

ters & a Sailor" at Metro, Jimmy Durante gave the entire cast and crew a party at Earl Carroll's. Just Jimmy's way of saying that he had enjoyed working with the gang and that he hoped he'd be back soon. And the gang responded by presenting Jimmy with a handsome wristwatch. Previous Durante day-makers have all been Ingersoll turnips.

Rita Hayworth, despite the ban on social telegrams, received the following wire from Orson Welles to inform her that he had arrived in New York, but missed her: "Shipment arrived on time but woefully incomplete."

Taps:

On that particular November afternoon Lou Costello was jubilant. The day before he had visited at Universal Studios to institute plans for his next picture with Bud Abbott. Now he was going to his first broadcast since his recovery from rheumatic fever.

He romped with Lou, Jr.—to be a year old in three days. He told Mrs. Costello, "Just for the fun of it, will you keep Butch up to-night until the broadcast is over? Watch him to see if he recognizes my voice, will you?"

The word came in, frantically, at the broadcasting station. Lou, Jr., had somehow escaped from his playpen and toddled to the swimming pool where he was found by his anguished mother. Physicians spent more than an hour in a vain attempt to save him.

Two hours later Lou went back to the radio station, against his doctor's advice. He would still broadcast into the mysterious sound bands, and perhaps somewhere, a small newcomer to a strange land would be reassured by his father's voice.

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FERDINAND THE "WOLF"

(Continued from page 47)

you could always talk tennis over a malted afterward.

With Verna, Jim whirled into reverse. Proposed the day they met. Married her three and a half weeks later—

He saw her before he met her. Working in "Forest Rangers" at Paramount, where he'd just signed a contract, he spied a girl in the commissary one day and lost his appetite.

He was lunching with Eddie Bracken. "Don't look now, Eddie—but that girl in the white turban two tables away—know who she is?"

Eddie squinted. "Never saw her before."

Jim kept gazing, so bedazzled that when she looked up and caught him, he just gazed some more. She smiled—a puzzled, tentative little smile—then turned away, leaving him and his mawkish grin hung in mid-air.

cooked goose . . .

Abandoning food and Eddie, he took up his stand at the cashier's desk. She'd have to pass right by him. She *did* pass right by him, practically tripped on his foot. His mouth opened, and his vocal cords froze. You couldn't talk to a vision—not to this lovely, cool vision who certainly knew he wasn't standing there for his health, and who sailed straight past him—straight out of his life.

"Speak to her?" asked Eddie.

"No, I'm too sweet a guy."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Lord knows," snapped Jim.

A week later he went to dinner with Cereatha and Jack Beutel. They were moving the following day, and he'd offered to help.

"Verna's coming, too," Cereatha said.

"Who's Verna?"

"Verna Knopf. Friend of mine. She's a model. Likes to wear turbans. Had a white one on in the Paramount commissary last week—" She eyed Jim sweetly while he choked on his soup. "She'd love to meet you, Jim—"

"Sez you!"

"Sez she."

The minute Verna walked in next day, he knew he was sunk. Tactful Cereatha sent them to straighten out the kitchen. Working with the speed of panic, lest she get away from him again, Jim kicked his inhibitions in the teeth, and before they left the kitchen, he'd wound up a break-neck courtship with the suggestion, "Why don't we get married, huh?" Verna laughed.

But within a month they'd acted on the suggestion. It was to have been a secret till "Forest Rangers" came out, only Jim couldn't hold it. One night they went to a party at John Payne's beach house. After Jim had confided the secret to half a dozen ears, he decided this was silly, planted himself on the hearth rug and announced, "Flash! Beautiful model marries tennis-punk at Las Vegas tomorrow. Those who wish to kiss the groom, form line to the right."

He's unique in that he came to Hollywood with no thought of the movies. He was Lefty Brown, whose southpaw wielding of a tennis racket had earned him his nickname, various championships and the right to represent his alma mater in the Pacific Southwest Tournament. Tennis was his life—tennis and a few people—Mom and his sister Ruth and his brother Bill and Jodie Adams, his sidekick—Down in Waco, Mom and the kids were

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parents were divorced, and Mom kept them together on the 12 bucks a week she earned in a beauty shop, coming home at night to do the cooking and housework. Ruth was old enough to help, and did. Jim wanted to, but the flesh was weak. He sold "Libertys" till he showed a 15¢ profit—ten for a cowboy movie, five for the latest issue of "G-8 and his Battle Aces."

At 14 he discovered tennis and worked out a club membership by chopping down weeds and stringing rackets. He also discovered Jodie Adams and the uses of bribery. "I'll buy you a sandwich and coke if you'll play with me—" They were allowed to use the courts when it rained. Soon they were hitch-hiking to tournaments, with Mom digging into her meager funds for chow-dough.

School didn't mean a thing. Summers were dedicated to tennis, winters to hookey. Till one day Jim woke up to find all his pals graduated and himself sitting like a six-foot ox among calves. By now he'd won the Texas high school doubles and the State Municipal men's singles. So he wrote to a military school in a nearby town. Boiled down, his letter said, "How's about an exchange? You give me a scholarship, and I'll play tennis for you." They said okay.

While there, he undertook an experiment with his brains. Not the first year. Too busy fooling around the first year. Passed by the skin of his teeth and got really scared. Didn't mind poor grades so much, who cared about grades? But suppose he was dumb or something! Better find out. Buckling down, Mr. Brown missed the honor roll by one lousy point. That was all he wanted to know. Back went the books into mothballs. Out came the rackets and the big bass horn. He played and sang with the school band,



and his baritone seemed to please the gals. "Why don't you act the way you sing, honey? You know. Mastuhful."

From Schreiner he moved to Baylor University on another scholarship. Which—after a year of the so-called scholastic life—took him to the summer of 1940 and the tournament in Los Angeles. He'd never thought much about what he was going to be—salesman, maybe, for some sporting goods house, touring the country on an expense account. When his picture was taken with a bunch of movie celebrities and plastered over the front page

of a local sheet, he thought it was funny. When a guy came up and said, "Are you interested in pictures?" he said, "Sure, got a pin-up of Grable's legs?"

The guy handed him a card. Henry Willson. Zeppo Marx Agency. "The question still goes," Henry Willson said pleasantly. "Are you interested in pictures?"

"I don't know—I suppose so—" He took refuge in indignation. "Say, who isn't?"

Willson took him over to see Zeppo Marx—to let Zeppo see him, rather. Zeppo thought he'd do. Jim got all excited over seeing a Marx brother, but decided he'd better go back to school. They were counting on him to play in the Southwest Conference, and he couldn't let dear old Baylor down. Thanks just the same, he'd mull things over. Come back next year maybe.

If he hadn't needed an operation, he might have won the singles in the Southwest Conference. If he'd won the singles, he might have stuck to school and tennis. The doctors told him not to play. He played anyway, won the doubles, lost the singles and says his physical condition had nothing to do with it—he just didn't play right. Whatever the reason, he quit, had his operation, got a job in a planing mill, saved enough for train fare and a little over, collected Jodie Adams who wanted to work in an airplane plant and kissed his folks good-by.

Henry Willson's phone rang. "Remember me? Jim Brown. I'm back."

slim pickings . . .

Jim was Henry's baby, and Henry was stuck with him. Nobody else cared—least of all, casting directors. They looked, and the way they didn't leap was unanimous. Jodie had no job either, this being pre-Pearl Harbor. They lived in an attic, against whose beams Jim cracked his head

Like mother - Like daughter

both say

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every time he stood up. They ate crackers and peanut butter three times a day. Their downhill living standard was marked by three mileposts: when Jim hocked his other suit—sold his two spare tires—wired Mom collect for ten bucks to buy more crackers and peanut butter.

Keeping his ear to the ground, he snagged a rumor that Garwood Van needed a singer. Jim presented himself, crossed his fingers, called up the memory of "You-know-mastuhful," and sang.

The bandleader was cautious. "I've already got a girl. I couldn't afford to give you much—"

"I'm not used to living on much."

He was signed at 25 per. They were to leave on a tour the following Wednesday. Henry called up. "How do you look in a uniform?"

"Like a guy in a uniform."

"Paramount's casting for 'Forest Rangers.' Might as well go over."

At Paramount, for the first time, a casting director eyed Jim as if he were something the cat hadn't dragged in, gave him a script, said they'd test him Monday. Saturday Henry coached him. Sunday he chewed nails. Monday they tested him. Tuesday Henry phoned.

"Hi, Jim, hahya doin?—Packed yet?—Well, listen, be sure you come back when that band circus gets through with you. Paramount? Haven't heard a thing—"

Every half hour Henry called. Every time the phone rang, Jim's heart did calisthenics. When it rang again at noon, he got there first. "Hahya, Hank? I'm fine. I'm packed. I'm clearin' out of here, now, so I don't have to listen—"

"Okay. Be sure you come back, though. Oh. By the way. You're a movie actor."

"Look, brother, you can kick a gag around just so long—"

"Gag, my foot! Meet me at Paramount at four. We're signing the contracts."

staked to steaks...

At five Jim and Jodie were dumping cracker-and-peanut-butter remnants into a garbage can. At five they were cooking steak, frying potatoes, opening cans of pork and beans. At seven thirty, when night rates went into effect, Jim was calling Waco—

"Just signed with Paramount, Mom. Talk as long as you like. This one's on me."

She couldn't talk much, she was too busy crying.

After "Forest Rangers," Jim was scheduled for "Wake Island" but, for reasons unknown, got no further than his G.I. haircut. The haircut was all he needed.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 105)

1. Ronald Reagan
2. Robert Taylor
3. Vivian Leigh
4. Gene Kelly
5. Edward G. Robinson
6. Greer Garson
7. Erich von Stroheim
8. Roy Rogers
9. Olivia de Havilland
10. Paul Henreid
11. Joseph Cotten
12. Frances Langford
13. Judy Garland
14. Boris Karloff
15. Basil Rathbone
16. Olsen and Johnson
17. Alan Ladd
18. Lena Horne
19. Charles Boyer
20. Jimmy Durante



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WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War... tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell him why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn't.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I..."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so..."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?

DON'T

LET

DOWN

NOW—

BUY MORE

WAR BONDS

"Tex," snapped Henry. "Air Force"! and dragged Jim over to Warners', where 50 guys were being tested for the part. Jim tested, too, then lit out for Chicago, where Verna was visiting her folks. From Chicago they traipsed down to Waco to visit his. Henry nailed him at Waco.

"It's in the bag. Moreover, you're hot stuff. Warners' want to buy you. Paramount won't sell you. Come on home."

"Corvettes" cured him of going to previews. It's not the preview he minds, it's autographs. At "Corvettes" the kids penned him in, and he signed, sweating. Till he caught sight of Howard Hawks. His admirers never knew what happened. One minute he was there, next minute he wasn't!

Home for the time being is a furnished house in the valley, enlivened by Beverly Jean—one in December—and Murgie the sheep dog, short for Murgatroyd. Murgie was Verna's baby for so long that he didn't take kindly at first to Beverly. Now he lets her ride him. As a horse, she prefers her father. She can't get as good a grip on his hair, but he's steadier.

She reminds Jim of his brother Donnie—not through physical resemblance but because he feels for her the same kind of tenderness. Donnie was seven and could scale fences Jim balked at. One night he sat in Mom's lap while she read him the funnies. "When I grow up," promised Donnie, "I'll read you the funnies. And I'll make a million dollars and you can have it all." They were his last words before he died. Because they lost Donnie, he loves his own baby more.

And because he wishes he'd helped Mom more round the house, he now helps Verna. Gets up with the baby at seven when he's not working, so Verna can sleep. Beverly likes to be dressed, standing up. "It can't be done," Jim tells her. "Not with diapers." She snuggles into his neck and ogles him. So he diapers her standing up. Does the marketing, too. Knows his ration points by heart.

Hates night clubs and dancing. His idea of a good evening starts with Swiss steak and string beans and the radio tuned in to Crosby or Hope. Later they'll sit by the fireplace, reading or listening to records. Friends drop in—non-professional mostly except for Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens. Jim's talk is punctuated by, "When Jodie gets back—" Jodie's in North Africa for Lockheed.

bi-annual binge...

They're saving War Bonds for the future of the world and the Browns. Handy with the needle, Verna makes all the baby's clothes and some of her own. When they step out, it's for spaghetti and meatballs at the Derby. Their principal splurge is on birthday gifts for each other. Even then, it's a modest splurge. Verna bought Jim a sports shirt which he said looked more expensive than any sports shirt had a right to be. He bought her a bottle of "Danger." Went around sniffing till he sniffed a smell that made him feel romantic.

They're saving to buy their own home after the war. Jim wants a tennis court.

And he wants to make things easier for Mom. Mom thinks she's sitting pretty, with a beauty shop of her own and business doubling every time Jim's name hits the paper. (A perforated eardrum kept him out of the service.)

Despite his healthy spot on the road to stardom, he remains slightly dazed by the turn of events. Verna caught him the other day in a fit of abstraction—

"What's wrong, honey?"
He came to with a start. "Seems I'm a movie actor."

"It's an idea some people have."
"Yeah." Oh well, let's not be narrow about it. I get some funny ideas myself—

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LADDIE COMES HOME

(Continued from page 57)

at Alan. "Why don't you shed those khakis?" he demanded.

Instead of speaking the words as a question, however, he used an intonation that told clearly how well he understood the reason Laddie hadn't changed his clothes.

Alan glanced down at the G. I.'s and grinned wryly. "I used to think that the day I put on civvies again would be the happiest day of my life," he admitted. "It just shows how wrong a guy can be. I'm downright crazy about these khakis."

The first guest said suddenly, "Actually, I never did mind reveille very much. It made me feel good to get up in the morning. The air was so crisp."

"To be honest," the second guest admitted slowly, "I had a friend who was an M. P. Swell fellow. Guess I'll miss him."

And the third guest re-crossed his legs, lit a fresh cigarette and confided, "I'm going to get my old job back in an aircraft plant so I won't really be getting any fancy togs. I'll be living in coveralls, which aren't so far from Army fatigue clothes."

The quartet smoked in nostalgic silence for several moments. Sue said, "What you're trying to say, the four of you, is that you hate the idea of being out of the Army."

They exchanged sheepish glances. "When you're in the Army," one of them confessed, "all you talk about is the time when you'll be out."

sad ladd . . .

Alan clarified the idea. "But when you talk about being out, you always take it for granted that the war will be over when you're honorably discharged. A guy never imagines he'll be out while other fellows are still serving."

One of the discharges shook his head. "In this man's Army, he doesn't get asked about his attitude toward his own ailments. Gosh, if I had known I was going to be let out I would have raised heck—not that it would have done any good."

It wouldn't have done any good, as everyone knows. The Army acts in wonderful and mysterious ways as any K. P. will gladly tell you. What it can use to prosecute the war effort, it takes; what it feels will be of more constructive use in

civilian life, it returns to mufti, often to the intense annoyance of the man involved. It is that way with Alan Ladd. It never occurred to him that he would be out of the Army until the unconditional surrender of the Axis was announced. But he has a tricky stomach, the result of living—during those hard early years—on hope and candy bars, day-old doughnuts and coffee, and it violently resented C rations and other G. I. special menus.

Alan's let-down feeling that first night at home was the forerunner of several million similar sensations to be spread over this entire country as rapidly as men are mustered out of uniform.

"I'm going to miss the bull sessions with the guys every night," Alan went on. "I'm going to miss the friendship, the discipline, the team feeling of accomplishing something big and important. And what in the world will ever compare to the thrill of getting a three day pass . . . or answering mail call . . . or getting your first stripe . . ." He glanced around the room, meeting Sue's eyes.

That surge of gladness that belongs to homecoming suddenly answered his question, as it will answer the same question for millions of other men. He was once again in his own house, within sight and sound of those he loved.

The nurse came to the head of the stairway at that moment to call softly, "Alana's awake, Mr. Ladd."

Ascending the stairs two at a time, he arrived breathlessly in the nursery, bounded over and picked up the pink young lady cooing over the prospect of her evening bottle. He cuddled the warm bundle and kissed her cheek.

Ordinarily such attention would be welcomed by almost any babe in the world—age not being a consideration—but Miss Ladd was startled. Moreover she had become accustomed to the treble tones of womankind, and this deep baritone creature was decidedly strange. She let out a whoop that brought the Bill Bendix family, who live across the street, to their upstairs windows with apprehensive questions about how far Alana had fallen.

Combining great haste with great care, Alan returned his daughter to her trundle bed. "I didn't hurt her," he told the nurse defensively.

"Naturally you didn't," the nurse said by way of comfort. "It's just that she's a little temperamental and hungry tonight. Give the young lady a little time, sir."

Alan stuck around during Alana's feeding. When the bottle was empty, he leaned over to see whether he had become a family member in good standing. Miss Ladd puckered her face in excellent imitation of a green persimmon-eater, so her pa exited downstage right, exceedingly nonplused.

"You'll see—she'll get used to you shortly," the nurse called consolingly.

The next morning, after the Ladds had driven their overnight guests to the station, Sue surprised Alan emerging from the nursery on tiptoe. She raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"She didn't cry," Alan announced in a victor's tones. "Of course I didn't try to pick her up. I just stood and looked at her." He added, in the interest of stark truth, "She was still asleep."

The situation worried the returned soldier considerably; his general attitude was that Alana was clearly guilty of sabotage against civilian morale. Ten or 12 times each day he slipped into her room to see how she regarded him. Us-

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ually her large eyes studied him with neither encouragement nor malice. Once she made a few interesting remarks in a language beyond Alan's ken. As long as he kept his distance, the little lady was polite; the instant he tried to pick her up, she issued an ultimatum in a ringing soprano and a gush of tears.

Knowing the weakness of womankind, Alan went shopping. He searched high and low for a stroller—one that a junior citizen can propel by kicking, or that a patient relative can trundle at the end of a long handle. He finally found a victory model with wooden wheels.

One sunny morning Laddie had the nurse place Miss Ladd in the stroller, then he took her for a ride. Sue watched the performance from an upstairs window. First Alana waved good-by to the nurse; then, spying her mother, she waved a prolonged good-by toward the roof. Then she turned around and stared squarely into the nervous eyes of the gentleman who was pushing her stroller down the street.

glad ladd . . .

"Here we go again," Alan said under his breath.

She tipped her head to one side and allowed her lips to part in a flirtatious grin. She played patacake to indicate a high degree of good nature and a general approval of the morning. Obviously her state of health was excellent, and she was pleased by her companion and the trip they were taking.

When somewhat later they returned to the house, she let Alan lift her out of the stroller and carry her upstairs. "Do you remember how to give kisses?" he asked, testing his luck to the last.

Alana giggled and leaned forward to lick his cheek, puppy dog fashion, an antic which is her highest form of praise. Laddie left the young lady in care of her nurse and went in search of Sue. Beaming, he said, "Our daughter has just announced officially that I'm once more a member of the family. Guess I can stick around now."

Sue said fine, that it was about time, and that, incidentally, if he would look on the bed he would find a welcome-home gift from Alana's mother.

It was a gift with a history. For Christmas, 1942, Sue had given Laddie (among other things) a beautiful shooting jacket of burgundy suede and vicuña, which is a South American import and the finest of all woolsens. His first reaction had been intense pleasure; his second had been dismay as he realized Sue did not yet know of his acceptance by the Army.

"Since I'm going into the Army in a few weeks, it would be silly for me to keep this," he had pointed out. "A beautiful garment like this should belong to somebody who can enjoy it. What good would it ever do me? It would just hang in the closet for two or three years and probably furnish Sunday dinners for the more enterprising moths. Thanks a million, Susie, but you'd better return it."

So she did, with more regret than you could find in a dipper of tears.

woes, en route . . .

And, the instant she knew Alan was being honorably discharged from the Army, she hurried down to the shop from which the jacket was originally purchased and asked an important question. Yes, the jacket was still there.

Alan had given away a good many items of his civilian clothing, but those that he had kept had to be altered because of the weight he lost during his stay in an Army hospital. Incidentally, he needs to

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before he starts work at Paramount as the young doctor in Rachel Field's great story, "And Now Tomorrow."

There were times during Alan's Army career, of course, when his slenderness was a great boon. Take, for instance, the circumstances surrounding his fall furlough.

He had been stationed at Walla Walla, Washington. Sue had tearfully left Alana in Hollywood with the nurse who had cared for her since birth, and had taken a small apartment in Walla Walla so that she could see Laddie whenever he could get a week-end pass.

When his 14-day furlough was granted, he and Sue decided instantly to return to Hollywood. They rushed to the station, only to find that ONE upper berth was the only accommodation available for days. They took it. As a gag they flipped a coin to see which one would occupy the little hammock and which would get the berth.

The next morning they viewed Portland, Oregon, through eyes glassy for lack of proper rest. "We'll go to a hotel, get cleaned up, catch 40 winks, then have breakfast and see about getting reservations out of here tonight," Alan suggested.

A sterling idea. The only trouble being that, as numerous haughty hotel clerks explained it, "there is a war going on." The hotels were filled to the rafters with traveling servicemen, government employees of one sort or another, defense workers, defense contractors, etc. etc. etc.

Just as Sue was ready to sleep on the nearest lobby lounge, an apologetic manager hastened up to assure the Ladds that he had a room for them. He was sorry to have kept them waiting, and he hoped they would be comfortable for a few hours, at least. It seems that an alert bell captain had spotted the dejected Ladds, recognized them and had notified the manager. He, in turn, loaned them a room that had been reserved by a foresighted traveler who wasn't due until late afternoon.

lather lassies . . .

He proceeded to the barber shop, which

happened to be staffed with lather lassies instead of the usual male quartet. Being broadminded about such things, Alan settled himself in the chair and ordered the classic once-over lightly. The suds were applied with a gentle feminine touch, and Laddie was relaxing nicely when he caught sight of the straight-edge razor. It was quivering. It was vibrating. It was shuddering. It was cutting tiny sawteeth in the air.

close shave . . .

"Look . . . er . . . I'm not the first guy you've ever shaved, am I?" queried the gentleman from Hollywood.

The lady barber shook her head. "B-b-b-but you're the f-f-first actor I've ever shaved," she said.

"We're made out of that same old human stuff," Laddie said reassuringly. "When cut, we bleed."

"Oh, I w-w-won't cut you," she promised.

And she kept her word. The razor, held aloft, was about as steady as a hat in a hurricane, but once the blade descended to an apprehensive face, it glided along without wobble, scrape or scratch.

When Alan rejoined Sue in the room he said fervently, "I'm certainly glad that girl wasn't a critic at heart. I was in no position to escape a cutting remark."

That night the Ladds took another upper berth from Portland to Los Angeles (two nights). They spent a hurried eight days at home.

On his return from furlough the Army ordered Alan into the hospital, from where he was honorably discharged.

There's not much satisfaction for Alan, but Sue's brown eyes are dark with happiness at being able to have him home for awhile.

And Miss Alana, now that she has grown accustomed to that newcomer with the blond hair, the green eyes, the deep voice and the affectionate manner, has generously decided to accept his attentions with a gurgle and to kiss him good night every night.

Laddie's home.

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 48)

girl, wardrobe girl, sound men, film editor and art director. The actors got a break. They didn't have to leave until 7:30. But only because that extra half-hour was necessary to get into make-up and costumes. They had to grope their way to the studio through the half-light of dawn just as early as anyone else.

At the location spot, folks froze and sweltered by turns. When they arrived in the morning, frost was settled on everything. Actors, technicians huddled around salamanders filled with hot coals. Eddie Bracken rushed up to one shivering group and announced, "Know those hens back there in a crate for atmosphere? One of them just laid a frozen egg!" And so did the gag, cause they all felt like icicles.

By noon, the sun was knocking itself out, beaming down, changing the type of discomfort from chattering teeth to overheated foreheads. Betty Hutton kept close to the iced drinking water. Sturges, ever serene, took no notice of the temperature switches. He was too engrossed with such problems as how to keep the acorns from surrounding oak trees from beating a tattoo on the sound track during scenes with dialogue. The final solution for that

covering the roof. And just to prove Hollywood's reputation for ingenuity, as soon as the noise-deadening blankets had caught up a generous supply of oak tree fruit, it was converted via grinding into a substitute for coffee.

Brian Donlevy and Akim Tamiroff made only short appearances in the film—sort of a guest shot as a favor to Sturges who gave them such good roles in "The Great McGinty." Neither Brian nor Akim wanted credit, because their roles are so small, but Sturges added a tiny card to the picture's billing reading: "McGinty and the Boss."

The "miracle" of the picture was withheld from everyone in the film until it came time to shoot the actual scene. Folks used to sidle up to the script department and in a hoarse whisper inquire if Sequence L was ready yet. The situation got to be pretty tense. Everyone knew the picture ended happily, but scene 16, the "miracle" scene, remained a mystery until the very last afternoon of shooting!

This debuts Betty Hutton as a dramatic actress, and the studio is anxiously awaiting the fans' reaction. If they like her serious emoting, her future Paramount

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● The Charm-Kurl home way is sheer magic. Each kit contains permanent wave solution, a generous supply of curlers, shampoo, wave set and complete, easy-to-follow instructions. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—it's SAFE for every type of hair. See for yourself how lovely your hair will look, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions.

Send No Money.. Fill in coupon. On arrival pay postman only 59c plus postage. If remittance accompanies order, we pay postage. Learn why Charm-Kurl is America's largest selling Home Permanent Wave Kit. Guaranteed to satisfy, or your money back on request. Charm-Kurl Company, Dept. 135, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.



WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers are enthusiastic about Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit because it is safe, easy to use—so economical and long-lasting. If you're a thrifty mother, you'll get an extra kit for your daughter, she'll be so thrilled.



You can now get Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kits at many Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5-10c stores. Be sure to ask for Charm-Kurl by name—it's your guarantee of thrilling results.

CHARM-KURL COMPANY Dept. 135
2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Please send one complete Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit. On arrival I will pay postman 59c plus postage, on a guarantee of satisfaction or money back on request.

If you want more than one Kit, check below:

- ☐ 2 Charm-Kurl Kits \$1.18 plus postage
- ☐ 3 Charm-Kurl Kits \$1.77 plus postage

(C. O. D. charges the same as for only one kit)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance.

(Canadian orders must be accompanied by cash or certified check or order)